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Winter, 1951



"The Paradox of Christmas"

WOUNDS OF MYSTERY  
MARY SHEA

TURNING POINT  
GERALDYNE FLYNN

MUTED SONG  
CAROLYN CARDINALE

CONTEMPORARY SCENE  
JOAN LITTLE

OUR YOUNGER GENERATION  
PATRICIA EGAN

# LORIA

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



Winter, 1951

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# WOUNDS OF MYSTERY

A majority of the visitors to Germany during the past twenty years have treaded the crowded, winding road leading into Konnersreuth, a charming hamlet which nestles among the rolling hills of Bavaria. This little town is so picturesque that its beauty alone would attract attention. The whole village is built around its beautiful church, for every inhabitant there is a Catholic. The first thing the visitors always notice is the obvious atmosphere of peace and contentment that permeates the whole place. Although the strangers enjoy the quiet beauty of Konnersreuth, that is not the reason for their journey. For here in this tiny village, in an unpretentious peasant's cottage, the most celebrated mystic of our time has her abode.

Therese Neumann's father is the village tailor, and his little shop serves as a reception room for the visitors who flock to see his famous daughter. Indeed, Therese herself has often been seen puttering around this shop. For, like many other stigmatics of former times, she leads a perfectly normal life between her manifestations. Her interests are many and varied.

She does nothing to attract attention, yet she is perhaps the most publicized woman in Germany. The peace of Konnersreuth has been shattered by flash bulbs, and the effects of the crash have been felt by every inhabitant. Thousands of strange men and women,

mingled with uniformed G.I.'s, flock to see the strange Therese. They come today as they have been coming for a whole generation. Souvenir vendors have taken over the hamlet and have selected vantage points upon which to set up their wares. Radio crews have arranged their apparatus to pick up Therese's voice inside her home and bring it to the throngs waiting outside. Last spring, Therese was relieved of her usual bleeding. Father Joseph Naber, the parish priest of Konnersreuth and Therese's confessor, attempted to explain the situation when he said: "Perhaps it is a divine protest against these mass visits organized by money-chasing businessmen."

Therese is not unique in wishing to avoid publicity. Canonized saints, in almost every case, were anxious to hide what they believed to be God's supernatural favors. Over and over again, they besought God to take from them the external marks of the stigma leaving them only the pain. Many, like St. Catherine of Siena, had their prayer answered. Marie-Rose Ferron, the daughter of a Rhode Island blacksmith, desired to spare her parents the agony of publicity. She begged God to increase her sufferings if He wished but not to allow anyone to see them. Her request, too, was granted.

However, we find just the opposite situation in the case of another stigmatisée, Marie-Julie Jahenny. Her actions were directly contrary to those of



the saints and seemed distinctly to court publicity. Even the announcements of future developments that she made during her ecstasies substantiated the belief that she was desirous of attention.

It is only to be expected that the public should be curious and seek to confirm these phenomena by actual observation. The manifestation of the stigma is indeed not a common occurrence. However, over the years it has occasionally appeared at well spaced intervals. Another reason for the current curiosity may be that many cases known today to have existed in former times were then hidden from public view. The number of confirmed stigmatists is placed at about three hundred, forty of whom are men. The majority of these individuals came from the Romance countries.

The very first stigmatization noted was that of St. Francis of Assisi in the thirteenth century. He had the reproduction of Christ's wounds on his hands and feet. Two renowned cases of the stigmata belong to the twentieth century, those of Gemma Galgani of Lucca, Italy and, of course, Therese Neumann. Gemma was the last stigmatist to reach canonization. She was raised to sainthood on May 2, 1940. However, the point should be made here that she was declared a saint not on account of her stigma but for her heroic virtue. The case of Therese Neumann is probably the most thoroughly examined and therefore the most famous case, but she is by no means the only stigmatist living today.

It is also worth noting that since the beginning of the nineteenth century, almost all the cases of stigmatization which have most attracted public attention have occurred outside convent walls. Candidates seeking admittance

into religious orders while possessing mystical manifestations find many difficulties. Intensive inquiries are made regarding the health records of the individual and the history of her family. When stigmatization does occur within the cloister, knowledge of it is very often kept from the outside world.

Because of these restrictions, many ascetics could not fulfill their desire to enter a religious order. Gemma Galgani longed all her life for the seclusion of the cloister but finally died in 1903 in a private house. Therese Neumann, too, wished to enter the convent. From early childhood, she had aspired to the practical profession of a Missionary Sister, but this desire was frustrated by illness.

The manifestation of the stigma in modern times has given rise to a great variety of opinions concerning its validity. Some individuals are absolutely uncritical of the phenomena, for they are inwardly convinced that the bestowal of the bleeding stigma is the supreme mark of Divine preference for a soul. These people put faith in everything told them. However, if a completely objective consideration of the subject were taken, it would be discovered that there are three possibilities in the case of every stigmatic. Perhaps she is a saint favored by God. Perhaps she is a soul held, for the time being at least, in the bondage of the devil. Then again, perhaps she is simply a very religious, neurotic girl, so suggestible that the ideas lying dormant in her subconscious mind have the power to work themselves out in her physical body. All of these points must be given due consideration by anyone attempting to pass an opinion on the stigma.

The Roman Catholic Church is extremely cautious in giving credence to



cases of stigmatization as genuinely supernatural. The Church has never spoken dogmatically on this problem, but various churchmen have ventured forth with private opinions. Many eminent theologians and even the medical expert of the Sacred Congregation of Rites believe that none of the phenomena demand a preternatural explanation. Theodore Schwann, a Catholic professor at Louvain and a noted biologist, carefully looked into the matter and refused to admit that stigmatization had any but a perfectly natural character. However, on the other hand, the Church annually celebrates the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi, which implies that she admits, although she does not infallibly teach, that the stigmata can have a supernatural origin.

The Church reached her conclusion in the case of St. Francis after a long, careful examination of his life and virtues and of his attitudes prior to and after the impression of the stigma. Hence, in order to pass on the genuineness of modern stigmatists, theologians must scrutinize the individual's life and actions, past and present, and apply the criteria worked out by the Church and by the great masters of ascetical and mystical theology for these purposes.

Since Therese Neumann has recently received so much publicity, her case immediately comes to mind in any discussion of stigmatism. Numerous books and pamphlets have been written describing her appearance during her suffering and many have seen the open wounds she bears on her hands and feet.

More astonishing perhaps than her five wounds is the fact that since 1927, Therese has been unable to eat anything except Holy Communion. It is said, too, that during her manifesta-

tions, she is able to prophesy and reveal the innermost thoughts of the questioner. Reportedly, she repeats the sayings of those she sees in her visions in Aramaic, not one word of which she knows under ordinary circumstances.

Objections have been raised by a few observers on this point. Some say that the three or four words that can be quoted are far more akin to a German dialect than to Aramaic. Hilda Graef, the author of a recent book on Therese and a qualified student of mysticism, suggests that telepathy between Therese and someone versed in Semitic languages would suffice to explain the phenomenon. Others say that it would not have been too difficult for Therese to have memorized the few groups of words that she repeatedly uses.

Because of the remarkable physical aspects of stigmatization, it has not escaped the attention of critical and disinterested doctors. It is safe to say that medical men, too, are as divided in their opinions as are the theologians.

Many doctors have tried to point out that trickery was, in the past, possible with most so-called mystics. However, in recent years, science has almost eliminated this possibility, for it has learned much regarding self-stimulation. In Vienna, during the ten years after the First World War, illness was welcomed by some unemployed because it meant living in a hospital protected against hunger and cold. That distress gave the medical practitioners many opportunities, as the army surgeon had in the Second World War, to recognize such self-produced ailments.

Some physicians have tried to set forth some sort of neurosis as the cause for the stigma. One of their reasons is that the dissociated personality, a not so very uncommon form of nervous trouble, has been noticed in

Therese Neumann as well as in other ascetics. Using his knowledge of psychopathology, Paul Siwek, a noted doctor, has been able to show some striking parallels between the Konnersreuth phenomena and certain clinical manifestations among hysterical patients. Additional evidence to support this belief is supplied by the fact that before the stigmata appeared in Therese, she was affected with a series of illnesses attributed to grave hysteria by the doctors consulted.

Bad family medical histories have also been major factors in leading doctors to suspect hypnosis or hysteria. In the case of Marie-Julie Jahenny, her biographers tell us that before her birth, her parents had lost twelve sons in infancy or childhood, that both her mother and father died before she was five, and that one surviving brother passed away at the age of forty-three. With regard to the family of Gemma Galgani, her mother died of consumption at the age of thirty-nine and her father of cancer at fifty-seven. Of her family of eight, only three survived while Gemma herself died at the age of twenty-six.

The judgment upon Therese Neumann, propounded in 1937 by Doctor G. Ewald at Gottingen is still looked upon as "dogma" in the medical field. His verdict was hysteria. In spite of this, however, there are a few doctors who are honestly perplexed about this case, and still others who definitely believe that it is a miracle. Their arguments are based upon the fact that Therese's wounds do not heal up and yet do not become gangrenous, although they are in no way dressed or sterilized.

Herbert J. Urban M.D. has studied the problem of the stigma intensely. He has had a sojourn of many years

in foreign countries and has spent his apprenticeship at the best neuropsychiatric and neurosurgical schools in the world. Even with a graduate degree from the Psychiatrische Klinik at the University of Vienna, he admits that he is unable to pass a verdict upon Therese Neumann. He sums up the case against hypnosis when he says: "Doctors find it impossible to detect the cause of Therese's phenomena by clinical manifestations. Her case is on a different plane and outside of the scope of medicine as understood today. Science can describe, not explain it."

It must be apparent to the reader by now that the question of the validity of the stigma is a very controversial one. Previously, only one viewpoint on Therese had been publicized in America, although doubts and misgivings about her case are well known in Europe. Both sides of the question should be thoroughly investigated by anyone seeking to formulate a sensible opinion. To obtain some reliable information about the cons of the issue, Hilda Graef's *The Case of Therese Neumann* is heartily recommended.

The pros have been presented by many authors, but the most comprehensive job has been done by Archbishop Teodorowicz in *Mystical Phenomena in the Life of Therese Neumann*.

Since the Church has been very cautious in pronouncing upon mystical experiences in general and on Therese Neumann in particular, it is fitting that Catholics know all the facts and all the possible explanations for this phenomenon. In addition, Therese has become of increasing interest to people of all faiths and Catholics cannot discuss her case intelligently unless they know all the facts and opinions.

MARY SHEA



# *If You Won't, Who Will?*

HELEN LANDE

"A message to Catholic College students? Tell them from me they've got to do everything but just live." Taking his cue from my thunderstruck expression, Father Keller, founder of and driving force behind the Christophers, expanded his startling proposition and thereby gave me in a nutshell the purpose, the ideals, and the methods of this most recent of the Catholic Action movements.

Too many are content to follow but half of Christ's commandment — they go to live well-nigh secluded lives secure in their belief that they *are* good. Dropped by the wayside is the companion injunction, "*DO* Good!" Living for and by themselves, this immobilized branch of the Christian army can apathetically leave their government to be run, their educational system to be managed, their communications to be controlled, by that elusive other fellow, George. To make matters worse, George, exemplified most fittingly today by Communist subversives,

is more than willing to accommodate. "Less than 1 per cent of humanity have caused most of the world's recent major troubles," declared Father Keller. And how? — Driven themselves by hatred, they seldom keep it to themselves; but like true missionaries, they systematically invade the key fields of government, labor, education, and communication wherein their atheistic policies may bear the most fruit and their insidious propaganda will be most widely disseminated. A counterattack by the force on the right — a like offensive of a second 1 per cent of humanity to neutralize the effect of these Georges is Father Keller's solution to the problem created by the onslaught of Communism and abetted by moral indifference.

The Christopher Movement is synonymous with this counter-attack and Father Keller, himself, embodies the characteristics of this movement. Questioned as to the requirements of his job, he specified 1% inspiration and

99% perspiration. Filtering down the line is this concept of hard work. Brilliance, talent and sensationalism are not demanded of the Christopher — but energy, perseverance, and idealism are everywhere the stipulated qualifications.

In accord with the movement, Father Keller continuously makes progress, yet frequently is discouraged. But the vigorous Maryknoll Missioner is in many more ways essentially paradoxical. Behind his littered desk at Christopher headquarters, 18 E. 48th Street, N. Y., he cups a phone in one hand, searches for a filed card with the other, and simultaneously evinces a gracious smile of welcome — the perfect example of relaxation in tension. His office has caught the keynote, too, and stands as the model of order in confusion. Every available centimeter of space is occupied by the inevitable cards, files, and briefs that are the concomitant of national organization, and yet, here one finds system.

Getting down to the beginnings of things (as is most likely to happen when one has learned the end), I inquired how the movement got its start. In 1945, the Christophers took their first formal breath, as it were, but the nucleus of the organization — in conceptual form, at least — had long been envisaged by Father Keller. In fact, when, in 1935, the young Maryknoll "promoter" — an ecclesiastical advertiser for the foreign missions — heard the story of the emaciated Manchurian which so impressed him, the movement just received further impetus. The remark of the aged woman to the solicitous missionary who had thoroughly surprised her by his attention, "Where then have you Christians been all these years!" served as a catalytic agent for the gradual evolution of Father Keller's

thought. Why was it that "the freaks, the crazy people of the world were out making this world as crazy as they — while the protagonists of good sat home?"

A Jewish friend, after reading *Men of Maryknoll*, again stimulated Father Keller when he declared, "These are Christians with guts: there ought to be a million more like them." Father was convinced that there were!

The proverbial last straw — the one that destroyed any hesitancy, apprehension or resistance to the idea — was let fall in 1944. Father Keller discovered that the Communists had launched a new missionary activity — the institution of adult training schools for spreading the party doctrine.

"Take only a job that counts. A job where you can reach the many, not merely the few" — this was a favorite theme of the Communist teachers and one that succeeded admirably in its purpose. The adventurous Marxist was set in the right direction — he had a job to do!

This was just Christian principle in a perverted sense and all done up in a bright red ribbon, reasoned Father Keller. It was Christ who had first enjoined "Go into the highways and byways of life; seek ye the marketplace."

Father Keller retaliated; he initiated the Christophers, an organization of Christ-bearers without organization. Taking as his fundamental premise, his belief that each individual desires and has a capacity for good, he determined to make the watchword of the movement individual responsibility. No meetings, no constitution, no dues are connected with the Christophers. The New York staff of thirty-five, headed by the founder, is the sole unifying factor. It is from this hub, that en-



couragement and stimulation are sent in spoke-like fashion to the individual Christian anxious to get a foothold in the four key fields. News-notes, bi-monthly pamphlets, replete with suggestions for individual action, are sent free of charge to the 400,000 currently on the Christopher mailing list. The cost entailed in the varied activities? Nearly half a million and continually expanding. It is met entirely by voluntary contributions.

The supreme task, then, facing this central committee is to match propaganda with propaganda; salesmanship with salesmanship. Father Keller is a modern man — no avenue that might serve his purpose escapes his attention. Early in its history, the Christophers sponsored Father's best selling book, *You Can Change the World. Careers That Change the World* carried the original theme — every individual plays a role, no matter how unimportant, in changing world trends for the better — one step further, and showed him how. *Government Is Your Business*, provocatively subtitled "Either you run your government or government runs you," is literally hot off the press. This work applies Christopher principles to a specific field while a germinating work on education — zealously attended to one day a week — will utilize the same technique for another.

There's no stopping the imagination, particularly when motivated by a driving purpose, and Father Keller proved this point when he inaugurated private career guidance schools. These small, informal organizations are provided with outlines and discussion material for twelve sessions, but on all other counts their management is left to the individual organizer.

The medium of the motion picture held a great deal of attraction for

Father Keller, and despite such obvious obstacles as expense entailed, names needed, and services required, he successfully produced "You Can Change the World" headlining such screen personalities as Jack Benny, Ann Blyth, Irene Dunne and Paul Douglas. Besides bringing to light Jack Benny's inherent generosity, this short tries to get across the ideals of the Declaration of Independence — more fundamentally, the ideals of democracy. These — the convictions that human rights proceed from God, not from the State, that man has value as a sovereign being — are tenets of Christianity. Karl Marx knew what he was talking about then, when in no uncertain terms he testified "democracy depends on Christianity." Slight misfortune though — the enemy intelligence with our secret weapon.

Encouraged by the film's wide circulation, Father Keller is presently in the process of initiating its successor. Tentatively titled "The Challenge," this forthcoming film will deal with the problem of television. Father goes a bit deeper than the traditional harangue on the "junk" that travels the air waves. Sure he decries the "Monstrous Man from Mars," presented for the kiddies on the soothing bedtime hour, the passionate melodrama, 99% pantomime, the sophisticated repartee with the smart, smart quips just managing to keep their heads above the borderline — in short the "stock material" — but he doesn't stop short. Father's creed is "fewer to disapprove, more to improve" and consequently Ruth Hussey, Sid Caesar and other equally big "names" present a concrete example illustrating one of the one hundred one ways to christianize television. Exactly how? Well *to be* traditional —

see "The Challenge" and you, too, will find out!

Carol Jackson and *Integrity* may take Father Keller to task for the fact that the movement lacks organization; for its emphasis on unsupervised individual action — yet Father hinges his victory on that same tenet. Accounts of individual heroism prove his point:

The Connecticut housewife who played the leading role in the well-known story of Madame Kasenkina's escape from the Russian consulate — she was an individual, affiliated with no organization. The washer woman — searching for a part to play — who offers a prayer with every shirt she scrubs in the interests of a national labor leader; the college graduate emptying wastebaskets on a Communistic dominated newspaper in the not-too-vain hope of contacting and counteracting this one source of anti-Christian propaganda — these, then, and their counterparts are individuals. Take it or leave it, the whole thing works.

Perhaps the movement's very simplicity accounts for its universal acceptance. Here's a chance for everyone to get into the act — here's a program that's understandable — here are

axioms that ring true. An old Chinese philosopher once said "It's better to light one candle than curse the darkness." Father Keller took him up on that that starless night at the Los Angeles Coliseum. He struck a match in the total darkness and 100,000 saw the light. Following his argument to its logical conclusions, he had the 100,000 light matches. The implication was unmistakable.

The Christophers, then, are destined to proceed upon their tried and true course. It's the same road, ever-extending, that figures in their prospective vision; at the forks and down the byways will go their old call for fellow-journeyers.

Father Keller with his optimistic grin, though, has good reason to toss off lightly the Negro porter's lament on the status quo, "Well, as I see it, most people don't want the Lord, and the Lord is just lettin' them mess up themselves."

Judging by past experience, there's promise of an enlarged cleaning-up force to tackle this mess, straighten things out, and put the Lord right back into the midst of things! — and Father Keller knows it!



# *"Perfect Woman, Nobly Planned"*

*Tall,  
Graceful,  
Standing high  
On a pedestal untouched,  
Is the Woman in my song.*

*Fair,  
Lovely,  
Breathing sigh  
Unheard by everyone but God,  
Is the Lady in my dreams.*

*Dream?  
Vision?  
Really not at all —  
But a living, breathing,  
Perfect Woman, waiting long.*

*Waiting?  
But why?  
Her goodness shows  
Through all her silence  
And in her eyes it gleams.*

*I think  
I know the  
Reason why she stands  
So cool and silent. It is  
Because she hates the wrong  
Of those  
Who look up  
At her, and misjudge  
The height of her pedestal.  
(. . . so at least it seems.)*

MARY DUCA '53



We are a generally disliked group, we doodlers. Teachers dislike us. The advertisers dislike us. Those who inherit our notes dislike us. And were they able, trees, benches, and telegraph poles all over the world would dislike us too.

The truth of the matter is that doodling is an art. And it is a truer art than most because it is spontaneous, being the product of almost blank minds. Thus inspiration is unnecessary, and even unwanted. The sheer, unadulterated essence of "doodle," requires only willingness on the part of the artist, along with suitable implements. (Suitable implements are just about anything you can hold that has a sharp edge or a point.)

Let us consider, first of all, the classroom doodler. Sometimes (I cannot understand it), teachers seem annoyed, and at times even offended by us. Ah! would that they knew what work is done in their presence! For all categories of doodling are possible in the classroom. The border design type has enhanced many a notebook. Pictures of "Jeanie is a dope" only serve to keep the girl next to us mentally free so that she, too, may learn to develop the art. There are many other types which

could be mentioned here, but one that must definitely be included is the adornment of books or papers with "imagination." Only in our art can such a spiritual thing be expressed so simply. An example of what I mean can be seen in the doodler who draws a huge cauldron, over a blazing fire, and places in it table lamps, desk lamps, floor lamps, lamp-shades, and electric light bulbs, and finally labels it "Lamp Stew."

In our consideration, let us turn next to the doodler who is sometimes disrespectfully known as "the bane of the advertiser's existence." How unfair! Is it not obvious that the one thing more attractive than a beautiful girl, is a beautiful girl with a mustache? This doodler is known within our own circle as a "free-lancer" (no connection with the famous singer, Mario!). He is given this title because, unlike the schoolroom doodler, he is not confined to books and notes, but can perform in magazines, papers, on posters, billboards, and even in trains, buses, and railroad stations. Little do the advertisers realize that the average citizen will remember the Ipsi-Pipsi Paper Towel on which Kilroy signed his famous name, sooner than the blank one!



A third class worthy of observation is the public property doodler. He too, is a "free-lancer," since he needs only a small pen-knife in order to decorate trees, houses, poles, benches, furniture, automobiles, and sundry other articles. Very often (though not exclusively) we see his art in his initials, coupled with another's, and framed in a throbbing heart. Often there are two hearts, joined by an arrow, thus revealing the artist's superior knowledge of mythology.

Of all classes of individuals, only the psychiatrists come close to tolerating us. And they have an ulterior mo-

tive. According to them, you see, our art reveals our suppressed desires, complexes, frustrations, tendencies, and general personality traits. (Should we tell them that we know their little game? Or should we let them go on thinking that they have something to go on thinking about?)

Famous people in history have been artists of our type. It would take much too long to name them all at this time, and then too, space does not permit.

But remember, even Yankee Doodled, and he had a feather in his cap.

MARY DUCA

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## *Love Is . . .*

*Love is*

*Music*

*The wind whispering*

*The happy ocean laughing.*

*Love is*

*Dancing*

*Branches against the sky*

*And red leaves floating.*

*Love is*

*Fragrance*

*In a dew-dropt garden*

*Shadowed by the rising moon.*

*Love is*

*Your heart*

*And my heart too, speaking*

*In low voices of our life together.*

MARTHA PEROTTA '52

## • Experiment in Drama

Broadway Theatre-goers are being intrigued by what they consider a rather unorthodox presentation in the field of the drama. It is the performance of *Don Juan in Hell*, a scene from George Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*, as an uncostumed and unset "reading" of the First Drama Quartette. Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead are proving to their audience what Shakespeare proved so long ago — that scenery is unnecessary when great language and acting set the stage. Their reading is from memory rather than from the texts they keep before them; this memory gives remarkable life-like qualities to the character of Satan, Don Juan, the Commander, and Dona Anna. More of this type of performance will allow rural communities to experience drama, since it is quite suitable for halls and schools.

## • We, the Governed . . .

In order to govern intelligently, it is necessary to have an understanding of the principles by which you govern. In the United States the Constitution is studied by all school children not only to increase their knowledge, but in order that they will be familiar with its articles when they reach that age when they may influence their government in a concrete manner. There is a constitution here at St. Joseph's and it would be very reasonable to expect that the students would be familiar with it. Recent investigations by the Constitutional Committee have revealed that there wasn't too much interest concerning it and that the present one was resting unused in the Student Activity Office. The students themselves have brought this to the attention of the U. A. and it is hoped that after careful discussion is given to the matter the constitution will really begin to exert an influence on the lives of the students.

## • World Government?

The proposal of France's Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman, for a "supranational political authority for Europe" to administer the pooling of Europe's coal and steel industries and other common projects is a matter of moral obligation in the face of today's world situation.

The ethical basis for such a world government is the premise that a society operates according to the need of the family, state, and nation. The meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace last month in New York insisted further that international organization is no longer a matter of willingness or unwillingness. "We have reached the stage of a world community."

Is it possible to form such a world government? Governments possess no unanimity of law. Some even disregard natural law. The proposal was advanced by the group for the acceptance of a hierarchy of rights, from the spiritual on down, which would be carried over into international relations. Only with the acceptance of these spiritual values and the conscious recognition of the eternal

# Contemporary Scene

destiny of man, can the governments of the world build their tower of security against the destruction of the world.

This was only one of the problems discussed by the Catholic Association for International Peace — an organization devoted to the study of world problems by Catholics engaged in such work throughout the country. It is open to college graduates and the benefits reaped from membership would be numerous for it holds panel discussions in New York and Washington and issues pamphlets on world-wide problems of current interest.

## • A Young Man Speaks . . .

The repercussions following the publication of William Buckley's book, *God and Man at Yale*, a scorching attack on godlessness, secularism, and socialism at that university, have been evidenced in both the secular and religious press of the country. Buckley, an unusually aggressive Catholic graduate of Yale, released the book as his Alma Mater was reflecting on the scholarly position it had attained in two hundred-fifty years of education.

This young man of twenty-five believes the most important struggle today is that between Christianity and atheism found in the conflict between individualism and collectivism. Concerning collectivism though, he does not seem to understand the ideas of the Catholic Church on the role of the State. He charges Yale with receiving its moral and financial support from Christian individualists and at the same time teaching their sons to be atheistic socialists. They support this stand by throwing the slogan of academic freedom at the nation. Under this freedom they throw God into a department of the University and not into the center and whole of their learning. They give their professors the right to teach everything. Buckley claims that "if the overseers of the university have embraced democracy, individualism, and religion, the attitude of the faculty and the student should conform to that of the university." If they don't, he advocates the dismissal of the professors and the students.

*Life Magazine* did not support his ideas on anti-individualism at Yale. It claimed that Yale taught this less than any other university in the country. The editorial did not say that Yale didn't teach collectivism at all. In fact it only emphasized the fact that academic freedom has become something of a farce under which evils destructive to our way of life are being spread.

## • Success Story

Students on B Plan take note!! You often wonder as what future glories await you, struggling members. A recent graduate has not only obtained her niche in the teaching profession, but has gone on even further in her talent with children.

With a college degree, eight Speech and two Child Study courses plus a year in dramatics, Macy's thought she was fit for the role of Mother Goose in their annual Children's Fair this Christmas. Rocking in her chair and saying "Hello" to all the little children who visit her each Thursday night and Saturday, she proves to us that jobs are getting more original as the years go on.

# • TURNING POINT

It was a cold, wet day in November, when the sky hung like a grey canopy over the earth, with rain-filled clouds that turned to mist and finally an occasional downpour.

Claire sat in her studio and watched the day rain itself out before her, noticing above that all the buildings had a stark naked look, and the gutters, a patent-leather shininess. Conscience pounded in her brain but her insides were in harmony with the day, as though she were just a container or boundary of some sort, enveloping inside herself what went on outside — as if she were filled with rain, fog, and sleet, although at the moment she really felt quite warm.

Like a sleepwalker, she stretched out her hand and quite unwarily put it into a blob of paint, now forming a crusted icing in her pallet. Reality broke crystal-clear upon her. No longer in the medium of dreams, she was Claire Lantrey, twenty-six years of age, an artist, and about to give an exhibition of her work this evening.

Like a hooky player, she had escaped her home for the afternoon, the house that buzzed with last minute preparations, the potted palms, the caterer, her mother's endless phone calls to the guests, and her secretary—"thank God for her secretary"—the steadying influence on the whole household.

Now again reminded of the future event of the evening, Claire moaned aloud, "Why do people *give* exhibitions?"

She looked down at her hand, and saw the black paint on it. Thus regarding it, she squeezed it through her

fingers, allowing it to be absorbed into the pores of her skin.

The jet black stain reminded her of Stephen's hair, and she gradually permitted herself to realize that it wasn't the exhibition that made her tired and blue, but Stephen, as the opposing factor in tonight's *soirée*, and perhaps in her whole life.

She had come to the point in her life, and in his, when they'd met a crossroad, although it was more of a turning point for her than for him.

She was an artist, and although a statement like that often brought a few repercussions, she was a sensible and fairly good one at that.

On the other hand, she had known Stephen for more than four years. Stephen — and she, for that matter — had always figured they'd get married sometime, but the idea was always something in the future, like graduation is to a freshman. At least it was for Claire.

And then last night, Stephen asked her to get married. It wasn't that she feared marriage, but she felt as if a tent had fallen around her — as if that far-distant future were here, crowding her into something she wasn't sure of.

All last night it had kept her awake, left her nervous, unstrung — she who was always so perfectly tuned.

The memory brought Stephen's face before her now. She could see his black bushy hair, the broad chin, his hard, flat lips saying: "Claire, let's get married. Let's do it now—elope if necessary — but let's do it now, before it's too late."

She knew well what he meant, — "he thinks he's losing me to the paint-



ing" — and she tried to tell him then what she tried to tell his image now: "Steve, give me a little time. Let me see how the exhibition turns out. If it's no good, then I'll know. I don't want to be a Rembrandt; I just want to see if I have something — something to develop . . ." Then her voice trailed off at the sight of his face, hard, coarse as unpolished granite.

He shook his head now as he did then, vehemently, at the same time, his lips tight with anger, and when he spoke, it was through clenched teeth: "No, Claire, no, I won't let you. It'll be just like before. You'll have an exhibition, and you'll get another contract. You'll do that, so that finally both of us will have lives made up of commercial contracts and exhibitions, and finally, out of our pseudo-relationship we'll look back over the years, and we'll find we have advertisements instead of babies, and portraits instead of children to make us feel useful when we've grown old."

This was the crisis, and Claire, with all her "glib" tongue, which she prized for being able to pamper temperamental models, couldn't find a word, thought, or idea with which to beseech him. She loved Stephen. She knew that. But she felt as if he and her art were on a see-saw, and she was at the fulcrum.

"To be married," she thought, "is to be impaled — impaled by love, it's true — but still fixed at some moment in life." She couldn't reconcile herself to the change "that moment" made her undergo.

"I might have known I'd find you here." At the voice Claire did quick broad-jumps across the mental labyrinths of her subconsciousness and wracked her brain for recognition.

The voice belonged to a short, slim girl who had an efficient look, from her even, polished bob, to her shiny brown shoes. Though she stared at Claire with mock annoyance, her eyes smiled, and the little wrinkles around them gave her an impish air. Claire recognized her secretary, Bixie Tracy.

"The lily maid of Asterlot," Bixie continued her harangue, "in her ivory tower, while the rest of the bourgeoisie slaves in the galleys below. I'm threatening you, Lantrey, I'm striking for higher wages after this exhibition."

Claire mumbled something like "Hi."

"Ah, she favors me with a word. Must I bow down low, or can I just look impressed?" asked Bixie.

"Don't joke, Bixie," Claire pleaded, "I'm not in the mood for it. You know."

"Still mixed up after the discourse with Stephen? Eh!" Bixie's tone grew serious, "Did you sleep at all last night?"

"I mostly tossed," Claire confessed. "Then I got up and read that book you gave me. I couldn't sleep at all after that."

"'A Survey of Chinese Philosophy'," Bixie shrugged, "I read it all the time when I'm restless. Then I usually sleep like a babe."

"There was a story in it," Claire mused, her voice growing soft, yet vibrating queerly through the room, "It was incredible. About a girl who committed suicide. She hung herself."

"People do it every day," said Bixie, "some a lot sloppier!"

"The girl was distressed, confused, and mixed up," continued Claire. "Her life was like a snarled ball of yarn, and she got frustrated trying to unwind it."

"Then her head gets caught in the yarn," Bixie went on, "she slips, and . . ."

"You're crazy, Bixie," Claire scolded. "No. She decides to kill herself. She puts the rope around her neck, and ties the other end to the ceiling. Then, all of a sudden, like a bolt of light, she figures a way out of all her troubles. Everything begins to make sense."

"What then," Bixie prompted.

"This is the part that fascinates me," said Claire. "Then, she pushes the stool out from under her and hangs herself. She figures everything out, and yet she still hangs herself. Can a thing like that happen?"

"Well, that's not your worry," Bixie answered. "What I came up here for was to find out what you did with those two abstractions. The exhibition calls for two abstractions, and they're not in the gallery. And if the Honorable President of the Art League draws the veil on the left wall, and finds no picture, it's going to be embarrassing. Something like looking through a keyhole, and seeing another eye."

Claire vaguely heard Bixie's talk. She was still thinking of the Chinese girl.

"Bix," she called her all of a sudden, "Am I like her?"

"Like who?" said Bixie.

"The girl in the story — the Chinese girl. Do you think I'm hanging myself in a picture frame? Or do you think that if I get married I'll cut something out of me that's a part of my life, dissecting myself so that after all is done I'm nothing—neither one thing or the other—not a whole being?"

Bixie raised her eyes from a dog-eared notebook in which she was scratching little hieroglyphics that only had meaning for her. She stared at

Claire for a moment, then thoughtfully closed the notebook before answering.

"Claire, to me, making a decision is like going up in a plane for the first time. You've got to act on faith, mostly faith in yourself and in the thing you're going to do. In the case of the plane, maybe it's faith in the pilot or the motor. It can be a kind of compass — something that helps you stay afloat when you think you're going down for the last time. Anyway, I wouldn't worry about that story. Chinese philosophy is like anchovies — you have to acquire a taste for them."

With this, Bixie shrugged her shoulders and moved for an exit.

Claire watched her and suddenly grew reminiscent. Bixie was her best friend — probably the nearest thing to a sister she'd ever had. They had gone to school together, and Bixie had encouraged Claire's painting from the time she had drawn a horse on the garage door, to the present, where the unconquerable Bixie managed these art exhibitions down to the slightest detail. All at once Claire felt sentimental toward her, and beseeched her, "Stay near me tonight, Bix, so I won't feel alone or panicky."

But Bixie ignored the sentimentality. "Now don't get tempermental," she protested. "I'll have enough with that mother of yours. If I have to ride her piggy-back, I'm sticking with her so she won't pull any boners like last year when she mistook the Honorable President for a butler and asked him to serve the drinks."

Claire laughed out loud at this, and the joke lifted her spirits a little.

Bixie sobered immediately and glanced at her watch. "You'd better get dressed," she said to Claire. "You've got about two hours to go."

Claire nodded. "You'll find the abstractions under my window." And with this, she headed for the shower.

The gallery was suitably sophisticated. It smelled of cut flowers and smoke. Around the walls, the pictures hung in conventional Victorian patterns, traditionally and familiarly correct. The maze and crevices of its construction, which a few hours before were bare and naked, were now populated with a quietly milled gathering, falling one or two short of a crowd. They flowed from one room to the other, like a protoplasmic mass with one mind and purpose.

Above the buzz of their modulated voices, could be heard the polite strains of a piano, giving it just a hint of drawing-room atmosphere. Here and there could be seen a member of the Art League, with paper and pencil in hand. Claire mingled with the crowd. She stopped here and there to chat, to make or to eavesdrop on a remark. On her second lap around, she spied Bixie at the buffet. She also noticed with a sharp pang of regret that Stephen wasn't there.

The table was beautifully appointed. Subtle candlelight flickered on silver dishes of bite-size hors d'oeuvres and crystal glasses of champagne that tinkled against one another, and sent up a myriad of bubbles. "Leave it to Bixie," Claire thought.

But as she returned to make her appointed rounds, she saw Bix beckon insistently to her.

She elbowed her way through, and met Bixie halfway in the middle of the room.

"I think we have a 'crasher'," warned Bixie, jerking her head toward a point on the other side of the room.

Claire tried to follow her gaze, and her eyes took in the view of the gather-

ing, which now appeared as just so many heads and eyes, with mouths moving in opposition to the heads and eyes. She grew confused at Bixie's insistent "There he is," and then at last her gaze rested on one lone man standing in the doorway.

To say he stood out was an understatement. Not only was his attire sloppy and out of keeping with the terribly formal atmosphere, but his attitude blared out much more offensively in the heavy conversationally stagnant room, now writhing with bluish smoke and occasionally bursts of mirth.

He put his hand to his face and Claire noticed that he was eating a copious collection of hors d'oeuvres which he had stacked high on a dish beside him. He ate the food methodically as if he really weren't interested in it, while he stared intensely at the people passing him, as if he knew he was not one of them, and was glad.

A butler passed him with a tray of champagne shoulder high. With one deft movement of his hand, he expertly pitched a glass off the tray, and put it to his mouth, without breaking his stare or pose, for that matter.

Claire gave mental assent to Bixie and moved as if to turn her head, when he turned at the same moment, and levelled his eyes in full force upon her.

She felt the hard impact of his eyes upon her. They made her feel alone and small, the feeling gripping her stomach like a clenched fist, sending small vibrating shivers up her spine. They peeled from her soul all its conventionalities, and left it stark naked, as if standing with just broken emotions fallen about her feet. She strained every muscle to break the tension, to release herself, but she felt as if a net

had been dropped over head, and no matter how she struggled, she only got caught more and more. Without moving her head, she spoke sideways to Bixie, "He looks at me as if I have no soul."

"Well, *really*, Claire!", hissed Bixie, with an obviously shocked air. "We've really got to get him out."

"Don't," Claire interposed. "Let me handle it."

"I don't know if I should, if he affects you that way," said Bixie, but her voice trailed off as Claire, bent on her purpose, moved toward the doorway.

She felt wide awake now, her blood pounding in her temples, but she felt easy now, for she had a purpose — a plan to follow.

"I won't walk up to him directly," she thought, "It would be too obvious." Instead, she made for a table that boasted possession of a full tray of champagne glasses. She skirted it, skillfully selecting one of the glasses which she raised in his direction. As she drank, she watched him through the bottom of the crystal. But even the medium of the shimmering wine could not deflect the intentness, the strength, the drugged effect of his eyes.

Then, without knowing how or why, he was before her on the other side of the table. She felt giddy at the nearness of him, as if even his presence cast a spell.

But she wasn't the object of his attention. He picked up a fork, and shoveled more sandwiches onto his plate.

"Having fun?", Claire spoke, as indifferently as she could.

He looked up and regarded her for a moment, like she was a new species in the process of generation. He re-

mained thus, raised one eyebrow, dismissed her with a turn, and went back to his food.

"Don't you like art?" Claire persisted.

"Yes, I like art. But you wouldn't see anything around here that vaguely resembles it," he answered.

"Other people seem to like it — especially the judges," Claire clarified by a nod towards one or two awards already evident.

He turned his face fully in her direction — it was cynically distorted. "You don't think this gathering of relatives would give an unbiased opinion. They're nothing but parasites crawling and lolling around, trying to understand what they don't know, using the "artist" as a meal ticket."

"Like you're doing," said Claire, as she glanced meaningfully at his collection of sandwiches.

"This isn't all I've had — this is my fourth glass of champagne. At least the "artist" (he spit the word out) gives a good feed."

"I'm the 'artist'," Claire said without inflection or emotion.

He looked her up and down. She could almost see his obvious evaluation. "It figures," he commented.

"I guess I should be insulted, but I'm not," she said in a low voice. "YOU don't think I can paint."

With a quick sure motion, he put down his plate, and moved toward one of the abstractions.

"Is this an eye," he said, "It's in the place where an eye should be but" he chuckled, "I wasn't sure at first — and here" drawing her attention to the bottom of the picture, "the arm — you know there's a bone in the arm but one would never know it by these hesitant strokes. When I think of



Raphael studying Anatomy for twelve years before he attempted to pick up a brush, I have to laugh at you—you" and here he could no longer hide his disgust, his loathing of her obvious lack of talent, or more her attempt to display the little she had. "Exhibitions," he muttered bitterly.

"Isn't it better to try for the moon even if we only reach one of its satellites, if for the mere reason of trying. Can't the commercial exist beside the formal, if its my expression of an idea and the other is yours?"

He answered her question with another question.

"Are you asking me about your work or you — what you feel in here," and he pointed to his ribs.

Before she could answer he went on, "Somehow with you I guess they're pretty much tied up together — you seem to start out with an idea, a good one maybe but somewhere it gets muddled, whether it's clear in your head or not — the muddle comes out here, in the production. And you try to cover it with all the matting, shadowing and framing you can. An artist has to have the desire to express emotion and most of them fail in the execution, but to fail because we fear the emotion — that it's mixed up with something else inside us and like you, using it as an excuse to smother what we fear to feel—no," he said with conviction, "It's no good."

"You see all this in one painting?" she asked.

"You painted it," he said simply.

To Claire, his belittling made a lot more sense than he'd ever know. He might only think he'd criticised her work, but actually he rent all her flimsy indecisions. She knew she could never find satisfaction in a profession

where she might give the world a few eye-catching advertisements but on the whole create nothing.

"Steve was right," she thought, "instead of human monuments to time, the nobler projection of oneself, I'd find a canvass bromide as the fruit of all my labors."

No, she as an individual must love to develop — to grow emotionally.

Once more the man at her side observed her, but his stare was no longer disturbing. She emptied her eyes of all that he poured into them, when at that moment she felt him move away — then out of her life.

Then without understanding why, everything came into focus and took its natural shape. Like a light shining on metal or a blast of cold air, she recognized the art as synonymous with her past — with all her uncertainties. She would appreciate it and dabble in it, but it would no longer confuse and obsess her. It had its proper place.

Claire felt no remorse being shorn of something she thought was such an integral part of her. The void would be filled with Steve — the strong non ending quantity of her love. Just the thought of him made her warm and comfortable — nice comfortable.

She left the gallery and gained the hall. She walked toward the phone and dialed a number. While the dial tone buzzed in her ear, she thought, "I know now about the Chinese girl. She didn't have to kill herself after all. She could have just as well untied the cord."

The voice answered on the other end.

Claire said into the phone.

"Steve, do you still want to marry me?"

GERALDYNE FLYNN

## • Our Younger Generation

*Time* magazine recently (Nov. 5, 1951) ran a feature entitled "The Younger Generation." It was an ambitious piece of analysis backed by a survey among our contemporaries. The picture which emerges is of a confused, rather amoral generation of mediocre ambition and few convictions. However, as it is painted, it is the picture of a generation which is "not to blame." They live in a world of confusion and insecurity. Their elders left them no heritage of values, either moral or political, by which to order their lives.

Dreary as their prospects seem, there is a note of questionable comfort in *Time's* analysis. They are a generation of whom little can be expected but — they are also a generation on whom little can be blamed. The fault, of course, lies with their environment and their education — not with themselves.

This outlook on life is accepted by many today. It is a favored philosophy because it removes responsibility from the individual and leaves him complacent and self-righteous.

We, at St. Joe's, are of the younger generation but we must differ radically from our contemporaries. We have much in common, it's true. We, too, live in insecurity as far as the international situation is concerned. We, too, wait while truce talks waver, fail, then start again. But the basic questions are, or should be, clearly answered for us. There is no confusion in our Faith — no doubt as to why we are, where we are going. Our relationships to God, our neighbor and ourselves are defined. From these relationships arise responsibilities — responsibilities which cannot be shrugged off as "relative" or "inexpedient."

It is not easy to be a Catholic — especially an educated Catholic. To him has been given not one talent, but five — and much is expected in return. Amoralism, which seems to be a trademark of our generation, is out as far as we are concerned. Not only must we follow the laws of God ourselves, but we must also influence our environment. Some do not consider this quite "democratic." Behind their protests of "interference," "censorship," "academic freedom" lies the premise that morality is relative and therefore a purely personal affair. Nevertheless we are responsible for those with whom we come in contact and we cannot sit by "democratically" and let them go to Hell.

The terrible responsibility on the shoulders of Catholics like those who graduate from St. Joe's is heavy indeed. But then the rewards — even on earth — are in proportion. We do not lead the pointless existence of those of our own age who do not know what lies beyond death — Nirvana, annihilation or what have you? The comforts of our religion are many — and they are real. Poverty, sickness, the insecurity of a warring world, all these are real, but temporary. The sacraments and the Mass—these too are real, and permanent. Further we have the consolation of knowing that even suffering is not pointless.

We at St. Joe's — along with other Catholics — should be different from our contemporaries. But the strong ties of a common human nature, made stronger by our real unity in the Mystical Body, bind our lives together. Our generation is our responsibility. If others are confused and we are not — we are the ones who must lead them.

# editorial comment

## • The Paradox of Christmas

Byron once said: "All who joy would win must share it; happiness was born a twin." Perfect happiness is not to be enjoyed upon this earth. Our lives have been so planned that happiness and sorrow should go hand in hand. Life's most joyful moments always contain a small element of sorrow, for happiness on earth is a relative thing. We are happy now only in comparison with another time when we were less happy. Just as cold is defined as the presence of a very slight amount of heat, happiness means the presence of only a small degree of unhappiness.

Nowhere is there a more striking example of this than in the feast the Catholic Church celebrates on Christmas Day. The birth of Christ is a holy, blessed, and above all, joyful occasion in the life of every Christian. No matter how tarnished or even blackened our circumstances may be, the birth of Jesus should polish a bright and shining spot in both our physical and spiritual lives.

Still, the element of sorrow is present at Christ's birth, just as it resides at every happy event. No matter how overcome we may be with love and joy on Christmas morn, we must remember that this same lovely Babe who comes with arms outstretched on Christmas Day will not too long from now outstretch His arms once more as Christ, the Man. The future cannot be forgotten, for the shadow of Good Friday's Cross falls through the years and casts its distant gloom on Christmas Day. The inevitable must come, but it is on this very day that we can lessen the sorrow waiting for Jesus on Calvary.

It is almost heartbreaking to see the love and hope, and at the same time the foresight of things to come, in the Infant's face. His birth is joyful because it means that we, the sinners, will be saved. But how sad it must be for Christ to know that He will live and preach and teach and suffer and even die for us — and we will not deserve it! We will welcome Him on Christmas Day with sincere hearts, but after the holiday candles are put away our thoughts of Him will be locked away also for a few more months. How desolate and lonely must His thoughts be under that beckoning smile!

Christ's Christmas message is one of love and expectancy. He asks each of us to try and fulfill His hopes in some small way. Each sin not committed during the next year will decrease his suffering on Calvary. Each temptation overcome will mean one less drop of His blood; and above all, each thought of Him will bring immeasurable joy into His heart.

# THE BARGAIN

Sunday, in the village of Aldi, after Mass, the people gather in the square to gossip and exchange bits of news and discuss the latest happenings. There is much laughing and merry-making — games, horseshoe throwing, racing contests. Nearly all the villagers are there. A young girl asks her friend:

"Where is Natacha? Wasn't she at Mass?"

Her friend remarks:

"Don't you know, Gina? She doesn't have time to go anywhere. She's always home, and if she does go out, she's always by herself. Perhaps we're not suitable company for her!"

"I don't think there's an uglier girl than Natacha in the whole village! Maybe she's ashamed to show herself!", the other girl added. Then they stopped talking, and forgot about Natacha as they mingled with the chattering crowd.

Indeed, Natacha was the homeliest girl in the town. Silent and cold with everyone, she was cordially disliked by all, and left severely alone. But how could she go out and join the others? Being the oldest of a huge family, the care of the younger brothers and sisters fell upon her. No one ever said a good word to her — and the work was endless. At night, she would climb the narrow stairs to her room, and fall asleep, exhausted.

But today was Sunday, and Natacha was not at home. She wasn't at Mass,

either — she had left little Aldi, never to return.

On the previous Friday, Natacha, after a hard day's work, had gone to her room; tired, as usual, she didn't go to bed. Instead, she stood by the opened window for a long time. Bitter tears ran down her face.

"I would give anything, *anything* at all, to get away from here!"

On Saturday, she arose before the others to prepare the morning meal. Going out into the garden to get some water from the well, she was aware of someone watching her. Turning around, the girl noticed an old woman in ragged clothes, standing by the gate. It was Bala, "the Witch," as she was called. She lived in a shack by the woods and made a living by selling healing-herbs and straw baskets. Natacha was puzzled to see her there, and asked what she wanted.

"Oh, I do not want anything, my girl. It is you who wants something, hein? Now don't look so surprised! Bala always hears *when the heart cries out!*

"What are you talking about, old fool?"

"Be kind, girl! Your ugliness does not condone your insolence! I came to help you. The words which you spoke last night made their way to me and did not fall on deaf ears. You cried out for freedom, for new life, did you not? Yes, you see, I know! Do you wish Bala to help you?"



"How can you help me? I do not believe in your magical nonsense!"

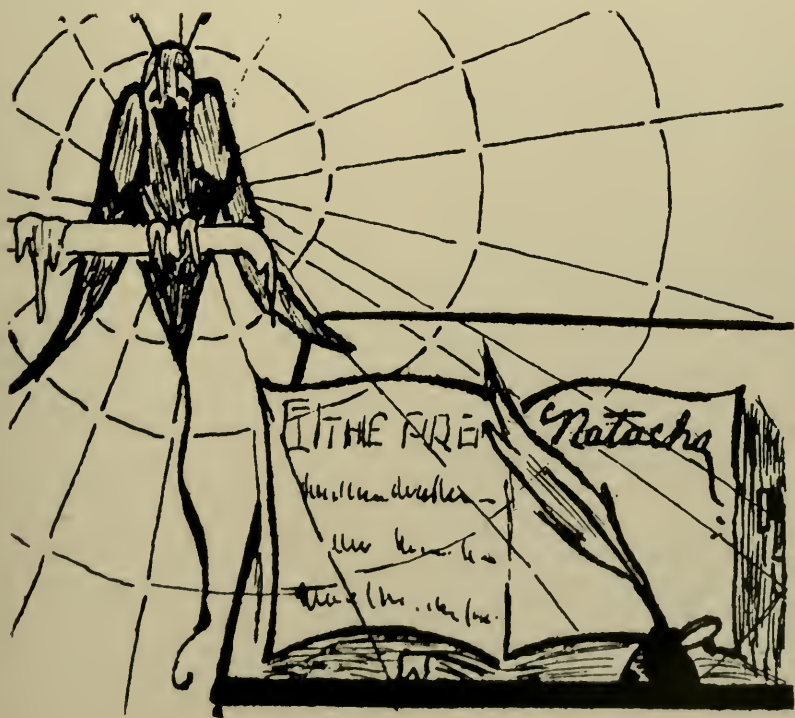
"That remains to be seen! Come to my place tonight, when everyone in your house is asleep. Then I will help you and give you all you desire. Think it over — but come tonight. I'll wait for you."

Indeed, Natacha thought it over! The promise buzzed in her eyes incessantly, and she thought the day would never end. How could she decide what to do? She went about in a daze, doing everything as though she were sleep-walking. Yet, night came, and when all was quiet, and everyone retired, Natacha slipped out of the house unseen, and made her way to Bala's shack.

Normally, she would have been afraid, but her heart was filled with curiosity and expectation. Approach-

ing the wood, the shack stood out, weird and frightening, surrounded by trees waiving their black arms to and fro. Wolves howled at the yellow moon, and fallen leaves crackled under her feet. Natacha drew her shawl about her head and walked swiftly towards the shack. She knocked and heard Bala's heavy footsteps inside. Smiling a toothless smile, the old woman let the young girl in.

A candle lit the room and threw fantastic shadows on the wall and ceiling. A log burned in the fireplace, sending the flames dancing up the chimney. Natacha sat down. She glanced about her, especially at the "witch." Sudden fear seized her — but she felt glued to the chair, unable to move. Bala's grey eyes glittered wickedly:



"I knew you'd come," she whispered, "they all come when they need me. Heh, heh! Don't be frightened, my dear! Bala has great plans for you — and will not let you down."

The old woman turned and tottered to a dusty corner. She pulled out a book from a shelf, and placed it in front of her on the table. It was black and thin and worn, as though it had been used over and over.

"Yes, Natacha, if you want it, Bala can make you beautiful, rich, famous—*loved*. A great lady in a city, far from this dingy, dirty village. Isn't that what you desire most — yes? And I can give you all that."

"Yes," answered the girl eagerly, "but what must I do? I have no money to give you."

"I don't want your money, my girl. Here, you see this book? All you need to do is sign your name in it, with your blood. Just prick your finger. A few drops will do it. That's all. But two years from now, you must come back to me. That is the only condition."

It all seemed simple; it was needless to ask the old woman why, and what did it matter? Most likely, Bala would want something that she would never miss giving up — and her happiness at the present depended on a signature in the black book. So — she let Bala prick her finger with a needle, and watched the letters of her name being spelled in her own blood without a shudder.

"You will go now to Calece. Make your way to the home of Countess Odina d'Andoys. You will be her companion. She will receive you well, and without questions. I'll see to that. She is very rich and will be of great assistance to you."

The sounds of the last words spoken by Bala ran together. Natacha felt herself gradually growing drowsy. She fell into a deep dreamless sleep. When she awoke . . . she was dazzled . . . puzzled . . . bewildered . . . yet something within her spurred her on. She found herself on top of a high hill at the foot of which stretched out a town. With a wild, beating heart she made her way towards it. As she passed by a river she bent down to wash her face . . . and from the water . . . a face . . . a beautiful face was reflected. She was no longer ugly Natacha . . . and now she knew . . . she realized what was happening. . . . There in that town she would live a new and wonderful life. . . . She would be what she so much wanted to be . . . Bala had not lied.

Natacha made her way down to the town. It was Calece. A passer-by directed the girl to the house of Countess d'Andoys. The noblewoman seemed to have expected her and received her graciously.

As the months passed by Natacha and the Countess became very close friends. The woman showered her with gifts and attention and presented her to her friends. Odina d'Andoys was very rich, but, unfortunately, not very healthy. One day, the doctors ordered her to remain in bed, and above all, avoid exposure to dampness which might result in a fatal illness. The Countess made out her will, feeling she might not recover. Her fortune she left to "the only true friend she had, who had cared for her so devotedly" — Natacha.

The days lengthened, and still, the Countess did not die. Natacha could hardly restrain a dreadful, pounding surge of impatience and greed. One winter night, when the air was raw

and bitter, Natacha silently entered the Countess' room. She crossed to the windows and opened them swiftly, then turned to the bed where the sick woman lay sleeping. Natacha walked towards the bed, and cast the sheets aside, on the floor. Then she walked out noiselessly.

The cold draught wakened the sick Countess. She rang for Natacha, but no answer came. With great effort she left her bed to close the window. The strain was too much, and she fell to the floor lifeless.

Her death was dismissed as attempted suicide, while in a delirium—for they had found her by the open window. Natacha helped the authorities considerably by relating that the Countess had tried to end her life once before.

And so, Natacha became rich overnight. She bought magnificent gowns, jewelry, a carriage, an expensive apartment, hired a maid and other servants.

She was rich and this made her famous, notorious almost. Her face, enhanced now by the gowns she wore and the lavish care of her servants, made her striking, desirable. Women envied, but admired her; men were always around her. Lovers she had by the dozens, yet she did not love any of them. Rather she made a game of love. Oftentimes, she would steal away husbands from their wives, finding it amusing to take hearts and throw them away at leisure. She would say, smiling cruelly:

"Your heart is like an apple. I bite into it and it does not please me — so — I throw it away. It soon decays."

Her actions were scandalous; reproaches made her laugh, yet at times made her angry. It was dangerous to anger her, for she threatened to ruin anyone who displeased her.

Thus the once-ugly girl rose to the heights she wanted to scale. There seemed no limit to how far she could go. At no time had anyone in Calece been so powerful, so successful, so feared.

But one day Natacha realized that the two years were drawing to a close, and she would have to see Bala. She tried to dismiss the thought, but could not. Now, she knew that her time was up, all the pleasure, the worldly goods, would disappear. There had to be a way to avoid Bala. Yes, she would leave Calece and go to some other place far from here, where no one knew her. But within her heart, she knew that Bala was no normal human, and that from the witch there was no place on earth she could hide and feel safe. Bala would always be after her to claim her price.

No one understood the sudden change that had cover over the fascinating Natacha. Why was she so pensive, so quiet? Perhaps she was ill? No one sees her at balls and dinners anymore. Why? Thus her acquaintances in Calece talked among themselves. But Natacha gave no answer — and only asked to be left alone.

And they left her alone. A reproachful conscience never ceased to torture her day and night. The last day of the second year finally arrived, and Natacha became ill with fear.

She wished she had never seen Bala, had never signed away what she dimly realized was more precious than all worldly goods.

The maid knocked on the door. She handed Natacha an envelope which she said had been given to her by an old woman in ragged clothes. With trembling hands, Natacha opened it. It read:

"I have kept my side of the bargain, now it is your turn!"

"I'll go away," Natacha thought, "she doesn't have me yet."

She locked herself in her room and told the maid not to disturb her for the rest of the day. The thought of seeing Bala's evil face, the cold, grey eyes, the hands like claws, filled the girl with horror. She wished the earth would open and cover her up. She wished she could die. But what terrible punishment would await her then? Those unforgivable crimes! In desperation, she cried to God for forgiveness.

Later that day, when the sun was replaced by a huge white moon, Natacha left the house of her sins. She would leave the town and start life somewhere else. Along the long boulevards, the avenues and through sinuous, narrow streets, past the closed shops she went. No one stirred. Somehow she wished that all was not so quiet, so dark. Her heels pounded the sidewalk and echoed inside her heart like a drum. She ran more than she walked. Suddenly, from out of the shadows, at the far end of the square in front of the Church, a figure moved and stood in front of her, barring the way.

"And where are you running to, my girl?"

It was Bala. She looked like a demon, mad with rage and cunning; seizing the terrified girl by the wrists, she continued:

"Did you think I would let you escape?"

Fear so overcame Natacha that she could not scream, could not even whisper. Bala's claw-like nails bit into her flesh. She tore herself away, and ran across the square. Bala shrieked after her:

"Come back! Come back you little fool! I won't let you escape!"

The street was deserted. No one could possibly come to the girl's rescue. In frantic hope, the girl thought of the Church: "I'll be safe there."

Running up the stairs, Natacha suddenly tripped and fell. Her head hit the stone step — blood ran down her face and the pain became unbearable. Behind, Bala, sure of her success, was almost upon the girl. With an agonizing effort, Natacha dragged herself to the door of the Church and pushed it open with all her might. Crawling on her hands, she fell feebly within its opened doors.

Unable to follow the girl into the holy place, Bala stood outside livid with rage. Like a wild beast, she shrieked vain curses at the victim she had lost.

CLAUDE JORDAN

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## SUNSET

*The one last light that lingers  
Surrenders to a silent rest  
Remembering the lovely even song  
Of a world that Love caressed.*

MARY HESLIN '52

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# “A WORD ABOUT MISS WEIL”

“Of all the beings other than Christ of whom the Gospel tells us, the good thief is the one I most envy. To have been at the side of Christ and in the same state during the crucifixion seems to me a far more enviable privilege than to be at the right hand of His glory.” Is it possible that the writer of these words, Miss Simone Weil, would be content to remain “on the threshold of the Church” while the Bread of Life was available beyond the door? What would keep this confused soul from plunging into the saving waters of Baptism?

Why should men concern themselves with the spiritual life of this insignificant, awkward, French woman? Why else would an unconcerned world be interested — unless she were different. But to say she was simply different from the rest of us is not quite enough. Simone Weil is a unique product of the twentieth century — a century that denies the need of God and looks for a substitute. Miss Weil’s short life was a puzzling one; she never became a Catholic — yet she has been referred to as both saint and heretic.

She was born in Paris, on February 3, 1909 into a rather comfortable Jewish family whose bourgeois attitude proved quite intolerable to the radical ideals of their extremist daughter. The clumsy little girl whose body was not strong enough to hold such an untiring soul, was a constant worry to those who loved her dearly. Her turbulent search for the way to God brought her

family an even greater trial — for it led her away from Judaism.

At the age of twenty-two she received her *agregée de philosophie* and took her first job, teaching at Le Puy. The urge to know people and the realization that her own circle was limited to the intelligensia caused her to discard teaching and to get a job as a factory worker. It was quite scandalous to see this young intellectual living among the “lower classes” — but to march with the worker in his picket lines was absurd! Surely she was a misfit in this modern world! Public sentiment did not bother Simone Weil however — to be an outsider was her greatest joy. She went a little further than merely playing the part of the worker. She became all that the word implied. Denying herself much that was given to the ordinary man, she voluntarily became a slave among slaves to find the “ridiculous” her life’s work. This job — at an auto factory in Renault — was brought to a sudden close when she suffered an attack of pleurisy.

Simone wasted little time in recuperating, for life was too short for her to complete her task. New causes beckoned and she answered them with new sacrifices. It was while she was in Spain defending the cause of the Loyalists that she was badly burned. While recuperating, she went with her parents to Portugal. Here, it is said, she experienced for the first time the joy and bitterness of Christ’s passion as a

real event, yet so abstractly that at the time she did not attach any name to it. She later wrote concerning her mystical experience, "God had mercifully prevented me from reading the mystics, so that it would be clear to me that I had not fabricated an absolutely unexpected encounter." "In a moment of intense physical suffering (she suffered incessantly from migraine headaches) when I was forcing myself to feel love, but without desiring to give a name to that love, I felt, without being in any way prepared for it (for I had never read the mystical writers) a presence more personal, more certain, more real than that of a human being, though inaccessible to the senses and the imagination . . ."

It was Simone Weil's ardent desire to remain anonymous. What little we do know of her she herself has unknowingly told us. A number of letters and essays concerning her spiritual struggle have been collected and placed under a most appropriate title — *Waiting for God*. Five of the six letters contained therein were written to Father Henri Perrin, author of *Priest-Workman in Germany*. The essays had been entrusted to Gustave Thibon, a lay theologian. The publication of this book came as a complete shock to those who had labeled her as the typical comrade from her early political days.

In spite of her mystical experience and love of God, Miss Weil never became a member of any organized religion. She believed that searching led only to error and only obedience would lead her to truth. She waited patiently "on the threshold of the Church," convinced that she would be obedient to God, if obedience itself should lead to damnation. She said:

*"I love God, Christ, and the Catholic faith as much as it is possible for so miserably inadequate a creature to love them. I love the saints through their writing and what is told of their lives — apart from some whom it is impossible for me to love fully or to consider as saints. I love the six or seven Catholics of genuine spirituality whom chance has led me to meet in the course of my life. I love the Catholic liturgy, hymns, architecture, rites and ceremonies. But I have not the slightest love for the Church in the strict sense of the word, apart from its relation to all these things which I do love."*

It is quite hard to conceive of one so imbued with love of God and neighbor and yet welcomed only into the arms of the agnostic. Simone Weil looked upon the Church as the impatient mother who found no place in her heart for the erring son, the heretic. She wanted no part of this family who had not room for all. In refusing to enter this closed circle, she had found herself the friend of the unadopted children. The Catholic Church, she claimed, was not universal since it did not embrace all forms of faith. Heresy to her was one form of faith, a form that not even the Church has the right to condemn. A peculiar brand of humanitarianism seemed to bar her way to the Church.

The question of her baptism has caused much discussion among her critics and constitutes the greater part of her correspondence with Father Perrin. It is believed that she was definitely, toward the end of her short life, making her decision. What it was, we can not be sure. Father Perrin and Gustave Thibon, two of her closest friends, believed that it was definitely

Catholicism, and her refusal to be baptized was just a stage in her spiritual development. Others are convinced it was quite the contrary.

The part played by this woman has stirred both Christian and Jew. If love of God did not prompt her sacrificial acts then all her ridiculous self-imposed denials were pure folly — and Simone Weil was mad! Despite her own indecision, her life was useful and its usefulness cannot better be explained than in her own words:

( . . . a Latin prose or a geometry problem, even though they are done *wrong*, may be of great service one day, provided we devote the

right kind of effort to them. Should the occasion arise, they can make us better able to give someone in affliction exactly the help required to save him, at the supreme moment of his need."

Sincere and self-sacrificing as she was, Simone Weil made one very bad mistake. She trusted in her own judgment — and that was not enough. She did not enter the Church because the Church as it exists—as Christ founded it—did not agree in some respects with the Church as she would have it. Had she lived longer, she may yet have found her way.

JOAN FOLEY

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## *Muted Songs*

*You are the songs my heart has heard  
In the silences of my soul.  
You are the Beauty that sways my love  
In rhythmic, enchanting control.  
In you is heard the haunting theme  
That drenches well my thirst.  
Muted, your love was sung to me,  
With joy and sweetness versed.*

CAROLYN CARDINALE '53

*This poem has been accepted for publication in the  
1952 NATIONAL ANTHOLOGY OF COLLEGE POETRY.*

Of all the mechanical servants man has developed, the camera is the most fascinating. It helps him communicate, it helps him remember. The camera is like an old friend — reminding you of good times, preserving the memory of friends and relatives, capturing scenes one does not want to forget. It is an instrument of creation, too — for photography, like music or sculpture, is an art. At first the camera owner is enthralled with this clever little tool; his pictures are all happy surprises. Then, little by little, he sees the weaknesses of his little friend. It takes good distance shots but blurry close-ups; the action pictures are fine but portraits are horrible — and so it goes. Above all, there is the feeling that it has left something out. Extra lenses, tripods, light meters, filters — these are used in an attempt to make up for the deficiencies in the most expensive cameras. For a camera — precise as it may be — is but a poor clumsy imitation of the human eye and mind. From its limitations we can appreciate the flexibility and perfection of our own eyes.

Man's natural instruments — wonderful as they are — are also limited. The autumn landscape is colorful and we can appreciate the beauty therein. Still, our eyes perceive only a limited portion of the spectrum. I'm sure there are other sensibles that do not register with us — perhaps sounds which are outside the range of our ears. The resurrection of the human body should be interesting — if only to discover what we have missed in the line of the sensual alone.

Man's other endowments are equally wonderful — he certainly is well-equipped. No need to mention his achievements — suffice it to say that he is "a little less than the angels." However, we seem to forget the fact that man — a creature — is limited — as are all creatures. Children are wise. They realize that they need help — and ask for it. The grown-up world, looking back on its own achievements, draws the false conclusion that man, all by himself, can conquer any situation.

Man's big problem today is peace. Our statesmen and soldiers are trying hard to secure it for the world — or at least for our part of the world. Proposals for disarmament, truce talks, recovery plans — we're turning them out by the dozen. We're desperate; and we give all these plans a chance — even those issued by Russia. At worst, we investigate the Soviet proposals just to "call their bluff" — to see if they would come through if we cooperate with their plans.

There is really only one plan we seem to have by-passed. It is an old plan, put into words back in 1917. The promises are clear, "Russia will be converted and there will be peace." I suppose the terms are too humiliating — we want to settle this problem all by ourselves. It scares me sometimes to think that we may not get to the point where we are able to "call God's bluff" — maybe it isn't a bluff!

# random thoughts...

I came across an interesting piece of useless information recently. According to some survey or other, prisoners in our state prisons read an average of seventy books per year per man. Perhaps the statistics are misleading — perhaps the "books" are comic books — but it leads to some interesting possibilities. Think of the money one could save by committing some not-too-greivous offense, being jailed for a few years and, at the rate of seventy books a year or so, finishing off the Great Books. Or one could make real money by establishing a college course which prisoners could take by mail. No need to worry about the draft reducing the enrolment of such an institution. All kidding aside, the written word is powerful — and the libraries of this peculiar type of Ivory Tower are probably more influential than we realize.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the peculiar things about St. Joe's is the lack of manifestation of school spirit. Aside from an occasional "Gold and White" at a basketball game, we do not spontaneously sing our school songs. Many girls do not know the words, I'm sure — we sing them so seldom. Yet our songs are just as much a part of St. Joe's as graduation, the white blazer or the school ring. The new school song is printed in this issue — learn it and sing it often. It may not become as popular as "Hail, men of Fordham," "Mamie Reilly" or "The Whiffenpoof Song", but give it a chance, will you?

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## School Song

*Joys that now surround us,  
Slip too fast away.  
Years will try to dim them,  
Try to hide each ray.  
Something yet will linger:  
Something half a dream.  
Memory holds us to her,  
And repeats this theme:  
When they sing of alma maters,  
Famed and ever seen as fair,  
Then we may raise our voices proudly,  
To tell of one beyond compare.  
Hers to stand for truth and honor;  
Hers the hallowed way we trod,  
Saint Joseph's cause, ours forever,  
Failing her never,  
All for her and for God.*

Words: MARY ANNE FROST

Music: REV. GENNARO D'ECCELESIS



# CALL O' THE CLANS

When that self-satisfied individual said, "Clothes do not make a man," he generally disregarded all the traditional outfits, uniforms and patterns which have been peculiar to kings, soldiers — even countries as a whole. Like most people, the design of certain materials could not have impressed him in any other way than as practical. On the contrary, there are still some woven reminders that mark the romance and heraldry of tradition — the most famous of which is the Tartan.

The name Tartan came from the Gaelic word "tarsium" meaning crossed bars. These bars or stripes of color crossing each other at right angles form a pattern in textiles — the Tartan. It is also called "the strife of colors" or plodden. The Tartans as we know them today are the heirs of a long generation dating back to the Irish Druids. They had their first mention in Caesar's letters from Britain. He described them as "checkered robes." After the Celtic migrations and due to the fierceness of the Scotch nature, the Scots organized themselves into clans. It was then that the Tartans became the "cath-dath" or battle colors of the clan; some of which still exist today.

The entire system of clans and Tartans was based upon the idea of showing each clan's relationship to the chief, and in large clans, this was intensified by the sub-divided septs and branches for use of the clan district which was inhabited by those who by

consent, adoption or intermarriage regarded the chief as their patriarchal leader.

These features and the pride of the race which has evolved from them go to make Highland dress and its associated Tartans one of the most interesting combinations of racial pride and brotherhood civilization has produced. "Sons of the Gael, shoulder to shoulder" is no idle slogan as proved by Scottish fighting men the world over from ancient times to the present.

Color was an important element in Scottish dress. The Scottish chiefs wore several colors in different Tartans — the higher the rank, the greater the variety. The cloths of a servant had one color; rent-paying farmers had two colors; officers three; kinsmen four; chieftains five; priestly orders six and a king was entitled to seven.

The dyes were procured from lichen roots and plants, which produced mellow and more lasting colors than do most modern dyes. Many Tartans woven in these colors disclose unsuspected beauty in natural Scottish harmony.

You have probably noticed that I have consistently used the word "Tartan" instead of "plaid" here. The Tartan is the pattern or design of the clan. The "plaid" is a garment — a part of the Highland costume. Many people, particularly in America, use these words interchangeably although the two are not synonymous. A Tartan

strictly named is approximately two feet two inches wide, never varying more than one-half inch either way. Being square, the Tartan works from a dark edge, getting lighter toward the center and then gradually working back to a dark edge on the outer side.

The Tartan was originally worn as a belted plaid or "Breacan-feile"—the wearer took a piece of tartan cloth, wrapped it about his body, and fastened it with a belt which gathered the material into folds that later developed into the pleating of the kilt. When the use of both arms was required, the plaid was fastened across the breast with a brooch, often curiously enriched. A brooch was also used to fasten it to the left shoulder. To attire himself in the belted plaid required no small amount of dexterity on the part of the Highlander. The usual way to don the outfit was to lay it on the floor, then roll on it while buckling it on. The lower end was fastened at the right hip. The plaid rendered the man indifferent to storms while loose undergarments enabled him to wade rivers or ascend mountains with equal ease.

The kilt succeeded the "belted plaid" about the eighteenth century. When standing erect it should reach the center of the kneecap. The kilt, as other Scotch accessories, should be of the material associated with the name of the wearer. The shoulder plaid, though ornamental, is always worn with evening dress. The lower end of the plaid is fastened around the waist and attached to the hip. Then the other end of the plaid is pulled through the epaulette on the left shoulder where there should be a rosette on the plaid to attach it to the shoulder. This can be of any design providing it is round and uniform as to jewels or stones. The

Cairgorn or Lorne Brooch may be used after Scotland's national stone.

Custom prevents ornamented shoes but the sporran or money pouch should be of leather or the head of a fox, badger or other such animal.

If one can not find his name listed among those associated with the Tartans, he is permitted to wear any of the Royal or Regimental Tartans. Certainly even those who have no Tartan at all can wear the Caledonia (the national Tartan and the Roman name for Scotland) or any Tartan for that matter — choosing it for its beauty and uncanny facility in blending in with any costume.

We might even say that there is an American Tartan, designed by Charles F. H. Johnson, Jr. It was brought about by the Grangers who wanted a badge of recognition for their organization. The majority of Grangers were stockmen and they called the Tartan "Washington" since Washington was the first great cattle-man of the country. Today this badge is still worn by them.

One of the commonest Tartans, though not the oldest, is the Stewart Royal Tartan. It is a combination of broad gules (red vertical lines), azure (blue horizontal lines) and sable (solid black or crossed hatched blocks.)

It is well called Royal. The ancestor of this gallant race was a Breton noble, Alan, a cadet of the Counts of Dol and Dinan in Brittany. Walter, the Sixth Stewart, married Princess Marjorie Bruce, joining the two royal families. The direct line failed with Mary, Queen of Scots, and failed completely on the deaths of Prince Charlie and his brother, the Duke of York. The Stewart slogan is "Craig-am-Sgaireh" (a rock in Appin); the clan badge, the oak. This is the favorite symbol of the

clan and is worn in the bonnet as we might wear a birth stone.

The Stewart Dress Tartan, worn only on formal occasions, has the fundamental "sett" or weave but is embossed on a white field instead of on the traditional red. The Stewart Dress and the Balmoral Tartans were both originated by Prince Albert, consort to Queen Victoria, and are still used today by the royal family.

Many of the dark Tartans were designed with the practical purpose of camouflage for night riding and fighting in mind. Besides the common "setts" there are special weaves for hunting, dress, and mourning. Large

clans were divided into branches, each having as its Tartan a variation of the clan Tartan. These are known by the name of the region in which they are worn such as "MacDonald of Glencoe" or "Stewart of Appin."

The Tartan, remember, is not a conglomeration of void colors, but a melody of a time honored race. The vert, gules and lor often represent the blood, green hills and ruddy soil that the Scots traded in combat for an envied civilization. It breeds a pride equalled only by the country's flag and is revered as much as the family Bible.

GERALDYNE FLYNN

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## Sacrifice

*A bench creaks*

*A priest speaks*

*. . . in low tones.*

*Two candles flicker*

*Two servers bicker*

*. . . for the honor of pouring the water  
or wine.*

*The priest bends*

*The Victim spends*

*. . . Himself in bloodless Sacrifice.*

*The Gospel's last verse*

*The faithful disperse .*

*. . . carrying Christ to a steel and plate  
glass tomb.*

MARY ELLEN BOYLING '52

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# • THAT'S NOT MY BOY!

"Some enchanted evening you will see a stranger across a crowded room and somehow you'll know, you'll know even then, that somewhere you'll see him again and again." And when you do see him again and again do you sigh sweetly, "I was lucky" or mumble "Get Lost."?

To any girl about to embark upon a span of mad whirls, a man is a convenient companion. But there are certain criteria for this companion — mind you, our girl is not even thinking of a mate, just a date. The doll with a basketball ace's height, an All-American physique, a crew cut, grey flannels; a smooth dancer who has a varsity letter and maybe a convertible is every college girl's dream man. But who wouldn't she want — and strange as it may seem to some males there are some of them shouldn't take on a silver platter. Permit me to elucidate!

## The conceited playboy:

Everyone loves him. When you date him you listen to his life history added to how lucky you are having a chance to swoon right down to his white bucks. Once you have gone out with him you have really lived and the next day your head is so stiff from nodding assents you vow never again.

## The rugged individual:

He is usually a track or football man. "Why don't we walk home?", is his standby. Of course it is usually mid-blizzard weather and you have to trot to keep up with his strides. But this is all right because when you

reach home he gives you a fond embrace which leaves you with a few broken ribs. However some nights you are lucky and keep as your souvenir only a gash where he forgot to shave.

## The make out:

When the party just starts to be tremendous he usually wants to sit on the back porch. You generally prepare your friends for this and are safe until that final struggle at the door.

## The cynic:

You know this one well. He brings you up and down Broadway in your highest heels then finally decides no movie is good enough. Parties are usually boring and after one date he has you hysterical because he has definitely proved that the Russians will bomb New York, Pee Wee Reese is all washed up and Bonnie Braids is being poisoned by Dick Tracy.

## The narrow minded:

This one usually points the finger of scorn at Suzie because she has the gall to do the Charleston. He assumes the crushed air when he sees you pick up a cigarette (this to you is a necessity because you are trying the thirty day test) or sip anything stronger than ice water.

## The mamma's boy:

This precious sweetheart usually is an only child or has ten adoring sisters. He generally is flawlessly dressed and eloquently spoken. The nice part of him is that he gets you home early

*(Continued on Page 40)*



# GROWING PAINS!

Just one minute left — oh why was it always the longest one, the longest one all day, as a matter of fact — so far. There'd be ones three times as long tonight, though — she knew that.

But then it came, the harsh, clear sound of the three o'clock bell — and she jumped. For fully five minutes she'd expected it, for the last two she had almost seemed to hear it coming as if from far down the corridor, and still she jumped. Oh, you really can't understand things anymore than you can understand yourself.

He talked for another full minute: "Then Cyrus had a son, Darius, conqueror of Egypt, a truly remarkable man; but perhaps we had better drop our discussion at this point, and I'll leave you the rather interesting task of tracing Darius' march across Asia. I'd advise you to consult your text, page 64 to 69 inclusive." There certainly was no need for his subtle approach. Mr. Findley wasn't funny, and he never could be. But she was being unfair — and she knew that, too.

Now to get out of the room — oh, if one could just make it to the door — plump little Ann was opening it. Once outside it would be an easy matter to duck into the girls' room. And she would have escaped the most unbearable part of this whole unbearable business. No giggling group would have run up to her (she wondered, did they actually plan to hurt someone so? They succeed so well, they surely must.), and no one would have asked the inevitable question: "Oh, tell us,

Betty; you know, you haven't, who *is* taking you tonight. He must be a big surprise, you've been so secretive about him." Jeanne would have said that. You can always rely on Jeanne to light the flame under the frying-pan. But it would be Alice who would throw you into the proverbial fire. "He must be from out of town, girls, for I haven't heard one of the gang say he was taking Betty, not one. Is he from out of town, Betty; oh, maybe he goes to a college out of town. Just think, kids, maybe Betty will show up with a college man!" And all the time, they'd know.

Oh, but wait a minute — what if there were a grand expedition to put on lipstick. Everybody would try to look extra-special this afternoon. She'd have to change her plans — quickly. They were coming down the aisles now. Oh, yes, a book — good old Mr. Findley and his Cyrus — why she'd have to send him a Christmas card. Up went the cover of her desk and she was searching so assiduously for the red-covered book with the big black pencil marks "Bored with education."

If the whole darned day wasn't so tragic, she'd really have to laugh. She was getting out of it all so easily. Now who'd ever think to stand blatantly there on the battlefield and watch the enemy march gallantly off without ever so much as a skirmish. The red stained moccasins and scuffed saddle shoes almost looked like marching feet, cut off at the knee, as they passed by the desk in front of her. The only thing connected with them was a medley of in-



distinguishable voices that floated somewhere above them. It might be fun to find one voice for each pair of shoes, she mused — but then, suddenly, there were no more feet and someone (the rear guard, no doubt) had slammed the door.

Out came her head, and she laughed out loud. Right behind her own sloppy loafer was the dog-eared red book. The terror she had felt all afternoon had marched out after the infantry, it seemed, and now she wouldn't care if she never left the room. It wasn't a bad room at that — she was walking to the window — with its shiny desk tops and the red begonias nodding at each other on the still.

It was such a beautiful day, why would tonight have to come and erase the peaceful picture of the grass, like a green velvet rug creeping up to the brownstone walls; of the powder-puff breezes playing lightly with her hair—her brown stringy hair. This was getting her no place fast. Two and a half hours to supper, an hour alone in her room, and then, at the very least — yes, she'd have to stay that long—three hours in the gaily-decorated auditorium, three interminable hours alone at the Springtime Frolic.

Dinner fulfilled her worst expectations. They all hovered around her like cackling hens about a lost little bird—bubbling over with great expectations. She was playing her part very well, and it boosted her morale some. But that was what was all wrong — she was hiding behind a Grecian mask; the 115 pounds of her unimpressive self were plopped behind the artistically arranged centerpiece, but she, Betty Andreison, just wasn't there.

Her mother was trying so hard, too hard, and the strain was visible at the seams: "Our own little Betty — my,

you're growing up so fast — you'll be the belle of the ball tonight I know. But you're not eating a thing, Betty. Don't tell —"

Oh, to say the right thing — she wanted to so much — Betty knew — yet, why, why didn't she just shut up.

On and on they went — the voices grinding out the droning sound that went round and round like the whirl of the dentist's drill. She wanted to cry aloud, to stand up, and sob out the truth telling them of the feeling that gnawed away at the pit of her stomach, asking them why she had to go through it all.

Still it went on — Aunt Cecily (enthusiastic, trying - so - hard - to - please Aunt Cecily) taking up the thread: "Now wasn't it smart of Betty not to limit her chances by going with one particular young man."

And Betty smiled her false little smile to disguise the choke in her throat; she laughed her tin-like laugh to chase the sob from her mouth — and dinner was over.

Up the stairs she flew, exultant at the thought of solitude. She'd do it, all right, she'd go through with the whole lousy thing — she was doing it — just let them, God, just make them leave her alone. Not to think, not to think — it was better then. To race around like an eddying vortex and leave no room for a thought — or a feeling. She rummaged through the chest of drawers, found the soft silk things; enveloped herself in the shimmering blue satin — it felt so cool against her hot flesh — slipped her stockinged feet into the velvet pumps. She almost smiled at herself in the tri-section mirror. Could it, oh would it be fun?

She stared hard at the clear glass — like a character in plays — and in the mirror she seemed to see in panoramic fashion, beneath a cluster of brightly colored balloons, a girl in a blue satin dress. She had found a pretty good spot, nearby — yet not close enough to be obvious — the powder room, her safety valve, her escape. Chuck Walters and his Rhythmic Five were beating out "Give Me Five Minutes More" when it happened. He was just as awkward and alone as she was, and somehow in the haze that fenced the dance floor, he had sought her out — a kindred spirit, perhaps. Meandering in and out among the compact groups, he looked for all the world like a little lost brook — cut off from the main stream and trying to find its way back. He mumbled — she really couldn't understand him; it made no difference, though — what else could he be saying but, "Would, would you like to dance?" She smiled assent as vibrantly as her playacting would allow — and the two automatons began reading the time-honored script. It was so inane, so insincere, so expected. "Do you go here to school; I've never seen you before?" He was doing his best — she mustn't let him down. "Oh yes, I'm a sophomore now — official 203."

And back and forth the empty voices would go like the hollow ball in a table tennis game. Back and forth: "Do you like sports?" "No, I'm not quite good enough for the varsity." "Yes, I think Mr. Findley's a fine teacher." "You really dance very well." "Yes, I'm crazy about jazz. "Oh yes," "Oh no" — back and forth — until finally another ball bounced on the ping-pong table. Conscious of his tux, conscious of the spotlight, Chuck bel- lowed the full length of the hall, "That's all for awhile folks," and darted for an exit. That was their sig- nal — the well-done sign or the all- clear note. They had done what had had to be done, and they made a gracious retreat. . . .

\* \* \* \*

The glass was wavering now, rip- pling like a disturbed pond — she brushed away the tears and started for the living room stairs. She felt like Jeanne d'Arc walking with her head high, her shoulders back, and her pur- pose set. Into the fray she went fully accepting the task. Oh yes, one had to learn, one had to live, one *had* to grow up. If only, if only it wasn't so gosh darned hard.

HELEN LANDE

---

## THAT'S NOT MY BOY . . . Continued from Page 37

— with him it's a godsend — because His mother waits up.

### The intelligensia:

Any evening spent among old re- gents papers will give you the same thrill. Maybe he would help as a re- fresher before a comprehensive, but personally I'd rather flunk.

Please don't misunderstand me. I concede very willingly that men are great things. Without them I should have departed to the never-never hin- terlands of boredom and regression. Without them I should never have had a successful date!

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# LORIA

Litterae Oblectamen Remaneat In Aeternum

Spring, 1952

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## Preparation



*She sprinkles dandelions  
Over the grass  
Like goldust  
In a woman's hair;  
She busily fluffs  
The fields of sweet clover  
While trees stretch forth  
Their arms in welcome;  
Clusters of mountain-pink  
Form a pillow,  
And the grass —  
A cradle, in which  
Mother Nature may lay  
Her favorite child —  
Spring.*

MARGARET BELLOWS '55

# *Nothing Short of Colossal*

On this day, there was the usual abundance of joy in Heaven. The energetic efforts of Director Kenoel were producing good results in the angelic choirs. For a while, the singing had not been quite good enough, and newcomers to Paradise were expressing disappointment. But that difficulty had been satisfactorily straightened out when Kenoel replaced the incompetent Georgel as head of the music department. Now, the harps were once again in perfect harmony with each other, and the violins were all correctly tuned. The lilting voices of the angels and the gently subdued arrangements of the celestial orchestra created a truly happy atmosphere.

Yet, the Lord was sad in spite of his surroundings. The thing that He dreaded for so long, yet knew was going to happen, had finally occurred. He now faced a most unpleasant task to which He was not looking forward. His forebodings were entirely justified for Adam and Eve did present an uncomfortable problem.

The Lord deeply loved these frail creatures who were so dependent upon Him. He loved them so much that He had given them everything that could possibly add to their happiness. Yet they had not been satisfied. It made His heart heavy when He realized that they had forgotten His goodness.

The Lord didn't want to punish them; in fact, if it were at all possible, He would welcome them back with open arms to the Garden. The only complication with this infernal question of justice. He knew that, if He did not punish Adam and Eve, they and their children would continue to disobey His laws. If He gave

them another chance, nothing would be solved; the day of punishment would only be postponed. In spite of His aching love for them, He knew there was nothing left to do but throw them out into the dark and empty world.

This cheerless thought had succeeded in pushing every other problem into temporary oblivion when the little angel Peterel made his entrance. Every day, at this time, he was dutifully sent by his mother to visit the Master. Sometimes this obligation was quite annoying to the little fellow, for his games were constantly interrupted at the most inconvenient times. But after he had donned his clean robe and his halo had been straightened, he always appeared.

Usually, the Lord was very glad to see him. In fact, He was in the habit of banishing His other visitors for a chat with Peterel. Consequently, Peterel was not too popular with the important set. Very often, the Lord would take Peterel upon His knee and question him about his insignificant life while heavenly ministers were kept waiting.

But today, the Lord had not even noticed him. He seemed to be thinking very hard about something most unpleasant. Peterel did not know what to do for he was hardly accustomed to this cool reception. Finally, he quietly sat down in an obscure corner and began to play with his magic marbles.

Meanwhile, a ray of sunshine entered into the Lord's thoughts. He was already resigned to the fact that He would have to punish Adam and Eve, but it still was within His divine power to do something to lessen the

pain of their banishment. But exactly what He could do He did not know. He would like to give them a gift which would be enjoyed, not only by them, but also, in turn, by those souls still unborn. The Lord knew that the punishment of the first man and woman would last as long as the earth; and He could also foresee the terrible trials that man in succeeding generations would bring upon himself. To be able to soften the terrors of those future days, His present would certainly have to be extraordinary.

The Lord pondered the situation for a long time. He was so occupied with His thoughts that He still did not notice Peterel. At long last, the solution came. He decided to set aside a special time each year when everything on earth would become as beautiful as possible. But, on second thought, He could see that this would be an enormous undertaking. There were so many objects on earth, and so many details to be considered, that He couldn't afford to miss anything if He wanted this present to be truly effective.

Because there was so much to be done, the Lord decided to call in His decorators for advice. Some of these artistic fellows were so much better at colors, and such, than He was. The Lord picked up the golden bell beside Him and gave it a few vigorous shakes. Immediately, a young messenger flew in the doorway. His errand was quickly explained, and before a few more seconds had passed, Frankel and Johnel, Chief Decorators, were standing before the Lord.

The situation was soon made clear to them, and suggestions began to pop from both. The Lord was once more amazed at the cleverness of these two, and He remembered, with a pang of remorse that He had not trusted them for years. It took a long time for the Lord to forget the unfortunate results of a plan they proposed shortly after He had made the earth. Frankel and

Johnel thought the angels could more easily observe happenings on earth if a giant window was constructed in the floor of Heaven. The idea was fine for a while; but one night, a reckless crowd of young cherubims crashed through the glass and were never seen again.

But today their proposals all seemed reasonable. Frankel believed that the weather during this certain time of year should be neither cold nor hot—just right. Johnel suggested that the inner mechanisms of all growing things be adjusted so that plants and trees would burst into bloom during this particular season.

Before long, they had decided to spare nothing in making this project their greatest success. The Lord was astounded by their energy. They would have a beautiful sunset every evening; they would paint every wild flower in bright and cheerful colors; they would make the air fresh, and clean, and heavy with the scent of opening buds. White billowy clouds would lazily cross the sky; gentle winds would be regulated at just the right speed for flying kites; pair of bluebirds would feel the leafy branches of the newly dressed trees.

This was just the beginning. There were so many other touches to be added that the decorators complained that this was not a job to be completed on short notice. After joyfully receiving the Lord's command to take as long as they wished, Frankel and Johnel decided to ask every angel in Heaven to contribute to the Master's plan. Before leaving the Lord, they promised Him that this job would be nothing short of colossal.

The Lord was once more left alone with His thoughts, but now they were happy ones. No matter how dark and dreary men would make their world they would always have His wonderful present to give them hope. No matter

*(Continued on Page 37)*



## IT BEARS IN THE FAMILY

My Mother and my Aunts grew up listening to stories about their illustrious grand-uncle. My Grandfather spoke to them with great pride of the famous Uncle Alex for whom he had been named. When he died, the stories ceased and never having seen my Grandfather, I did not share in the story-telling sessions and so I did not hear of our "writing relative" until the publication of my first "poem" in the high school paper. It was then, that Mother announced with typical family pride — "You have inherited Uncle Alex's talent for writing." At this point, having a reading acquaintance with about ten well-known authors (among which the name of Manzoni did not appear), I was not impressed. (When I look back now at that first piece of printed verse, I'm sure Manzoni would not have been impressed with my literary debut, nor willing to claim me as his protegee.)

Later, I read a small account of him in an encyclopedia, noting for the first time that Alex (Alessandro in Italian) was just the first of a series of Christian names that he bore. His full name was Alessandro Tomaso Antonio Francesco Manzoni.

My next encounter with Manzoni, the writer, was the article to be found in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Here I discovered that we sprang from part Protestant ancestry, Manzoni's first wife having been a Calvinist, and that, for a time, Manzoni himself had left the Church of Rome, only to return shortly after, bringing his wife as a

new convert. The article also listed *I Promessi Sposi* as his greatest work. However, taking one of the three copies of that book that we have in the school library, I found that the length (six hundred-odd pages) discouraged any desires I may have had to read my Great Grand-Uncle's masterpiece.

Toward the end of 1951, there appeared in the Herald Tribune Book Review section, a full page advertisement for the latest translation of *The Betrothed* (the title in English), by an English scholar. The advertisement praised this new, smoother translation of what is sub-titled, "A tale of 17th century Milan." Now my interest and curiosity were aroused. According to well-known critics, Manzoni ranked high among the contributors to the world's great literature — and he was my Great Grand-Uncle! I began looking for more facts about him, and I started reading *The Betrothed*, translated by Archibald Colquhoun.

Further investigation revealed the fact that Manzoni was hailed in his own country, especially in his native city of Milan, as one of its greatest authors. His ideas, his expressions were adopted and reiterated during his lifetime and long after his death. Like many great writers of other countries and centuries, he had three distinct periods in the development of his literary technique. The first portion of his writing career was influenced by his stay from 1805-10 in Paris where he mingled with French intellectuals,



caught their fervor, and blending it with the style of Monti, produced poetry filled with classical allusions.

The second period of his literary life saw the advancement of the ideals of the Italian Romanticists. Manzoni worked on literary reform during this time, and though keeping aloof from actual political activity wrote in favor of the current cause — the liberation of Lombardy from the control of Austria.

From 1827-73, Manzoni worked in the third period of his literary career. Interested in standardizing the Italian language throughout Italy, he went to Florence to study the dialect there, since he believed the Florentine dialect to be the most acceptable. (Several centuries before him, Dante had advocated the same idea.) Not only is this his longest period, but it is probably also his most productive. In 1827 he published his first edition of *The Betrothed*. Later, in 1842, he revised the text, basing his changes on the studies he had made in Florence.

Politics, literature, and the Church occupied his mind in this last period. All three are closely interwoven in his masterpiece, *The Betrothed*. Manzoni lived with and in the spirit of Italian Romanticism. In a letter to a fellow author, Manzoni offered his rules for literature, claiming that it should be "useful and based on truth, but not restricted by arbitrary rules: mythology should be eliminated because contrary to Christianity, and literature should be moral in tone, devoid of amorous scenes." (*Sul Romanticismo*.)

*The Betrothed* illustrates these points. Manzoni adhered closely to factual history for his background. He painted an accurate picture of the situation in Milan during the time of which he wrote. He did not limit him-

self to close observance of Aristotle's "unities," and Christianity is a conspicuous orbit on which the story revolves.

Character portrayal within the story is cleverly done. All the characters receive third-dimensional proportions. The lovers, Renzo and Lucia, are a real flesh-and-blood couple; the parish priest Don Abbondio gives you a self-description of himself through his actions following the threat; Gertrude, who must be a nun according to her parents' decree, commands the reader's attention; and the cold-blooded, crude Don Rodrigo incurs his dislike.

All this information had lain hidden, as it were, simply because I had not deemed Manzoni an important writer. In America, his name has not spread simply because there were not enough Italian scholars, and the translations of his works up to this time have been poor ones. In Europe, Manzoni was and is read with great interest; by some, considered the greatest of the Italian Romantic movement. Like other great writers, he was strongly influenced by his literary contemporaries. He repeatedly declared his indebtedness to Scott. He has often been compared to Cardinal Newman, and like Byron, he became slightly involved in the Carbonari conspiracy of 1821. Parallels have been drawn between his life and work and that of Pascal.

Surely it will be agreed upon that all the names just mentioned represent a portion of the world's outstanding authors and intellectuals. With these, Alessandro Manzoni came into close contact, etching for himself such a revered place in Italian history, that the entire nation mourned his death and Verdi wrote his famous Requiem to mark the occasion.

MARY ELLEN BOYLING '55

# HISTORY OF MAN

Sir Oliver Franks, Arthur Compton, and perhaps, Eleanor Roosevelt were there. This didn't concern me. Of the legion of UNESCO delegates, correspondents, guests, members, and reporters circulating freely in the fern-bedecked Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, I was interested in only one, lone Dr. Nuesse of Catholic U. To be perfectly frank, I felt rather disinterested in all things at the moment. That's what comes of looking, feeling, and being obviously out of place. Surprising as it was, I had been permitted to wander uninvited among the luncheon throng at the third conference of the National Commission for UNESCO's Convention, had been allowed to button hole any amiable-countenanced gentlemen for information as to the whereabouts of Dr. Nuesse, and had been universally ignored. Certainly I presented an uninteresting picture. Age definitely was against me; costume was another black mark, all I could boast of in the credit column was one letter of introduction. The Waldorf's Grand Ballroom supply of pages registered a minus sign, and the only helpful suggestion I had received was to approach the spotlighted dais and present my query to the UNESCO National Board, if I could bypass the protecting ring of photographers, you understand. Nerves of U. S. Steel would not have enabled me to do this.

There were so many questions I had to ask Dr. Nuesse. As a member of the National Commission, he surely would have insight into the motives behind UNESCO's prospective *History of Mankind*. Why is Ralph Turner, a confirmed agnostic, to head this project? — I wondered: Would determin-

istic views prevail, how would the newly-created jobs be obtained, what was the concensus of opinion as to the greatest force in history, what of Russia, might national bitterness rather than international unity result? Just what was the philosophic springboard of this research — that is, what, in the eyes of UNESCO, constitutes the nature of man? I was convinced that these questions would go unanswered.

One reporter viewing my dejection took pity on me. He pointed the way to the press balcony where I might at least "hear the speeches." This delighted me. I slid unobtrusively into one half-filled box, and as note-taking seemed to be the style set by the *Times* reporters, I followed suit.

The British ambassador, Sir Oliver Franks, in a forceful, and yet, expected address, cleared up the majority of my doubts as to the positive aspects of the Universal History. My unsettled negative views, however, have continued festering beneath the surface to break forth partially in this article.

Sir Oliver set forth his conception of the United Nations: two powerful arms are attached to a body of the world's people, he maintained. Collective security, the left arm, is the more risky, more dangerous, and consequently less valuable weapon of the UN. He warned, furthermore, that its use in settling future issues not wholly clear, might result in the body's destruction. The strong right arm of the world's people, he designated as the UN's prime conciliating and mediating function. Under this light, the international organization emerged as a place where nations, like the people

they represent, might meet to talk, a place where human reason might triumph, a place where the first links in a world chain of unity might be soldered. The ambassador went on to criticize the critics of the organization. "One must expect to find a place where the going is hard," he admitted, and then stressed the fact that the "beginnings of a pattern of world government had already been initiated."

He cited the proposed mammoth history as an instance in point and thereby classified it as *an intellectual feeler, or in army parlance, a spear-head drive, to achieve world unity*. The work, conjectured to employ over 3 million words, \$600,000, 5 years, and 1000 of the world's most outstanding scholars, is to be an unbiased account, the first written from the standpoint of mankind as a whole, and one wholly impartial, nationally speaking. In the words of the chief editor, Ralph Turner, the project is to give "a view of history wide enough and deep enough to include all men in all times and in all places. The focus of such a view must be upon humanity as a living stream through time." Its purpose, therefore, is ultimately to foster a cohesive state, idealistically to break down the intellectual barriers to Professor Maritains one world, and practically to outline the development of peoples life, ideas, and relations — from the ancient Pithecanthropus to the Supersonic jet — so that common factors may be understood, and a consistent view of humanity promoted. In every step of the planning this purpose has been kept uppermost in mind. The work is slated to be divided chronologically into 6 volumes representative of the main phases of development. Each volume, in turn, will treat its subject from three angles; the story of the actual development, an analysis of particular aspects such as art, literature, or culture, and an account of the relations of peoples as

these contribute to the wider development of man as a whole.

It has been picturesquely stated that "the history is not to be a channel to guide thinking, but a summit from which thinking can see new vistas of achievement for peoples as they are parts of mankind. From this summit different outlooks upon the past and present will blend until they achieve the harmony that is found in nature."

UNESCO has a point, and a good one, here. Even the severest of critics wouldn't shrink from patting the society on its back and wishing it God-speed — if only it had not contradicted itself. There is a growing interest in world history — take Life's *Picture History of Western Man*; it is a smart move to capitalize on this interest, and assuredly impartiality is the proper keynote of any universal history that would avoid national toe-stepping. But why after setting forth such altruistic and idealistic aims, does the commission lean over backwards to turn its back on them?

Statistically there are approximately 800,000,000 Christians, 400,000,000 of whom are Catholics, in the world's population — a substantial proportion, it must be admitted. Yet, on the editorial board of three, not one place could be found for a Christian. Ralph Turner, editor-in-chief, to quote William Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* "is emphatically and vigorously atheistic; a dedicated iconoclast who has little mercy either on God or on those who believe in Him." Admittedly an agnostic, he is reportedly a "critic of the Roman Catholic Church." All of this makes for an *impartial treatment* of the Middle Ages, the Reformation, or Rationalist era, one can *readily see*! Furthermore, is this body truly representative of the world's population, or are the figures wrong and the world's peoples actually 99% atheistic? Disfavor is mounting steadily in many corners. In some it has already ac-

quired a behement voice. Principal James McGrough of Pawtucket High School suspended an undergraduate club, "UNESCO Thinkers," this January. He sincerely feared the UNESCO program to be "atheistic and detrimental to immature minds." The Pawtucket PTA backed McGrough to the hilt; the League of Women Voters declared that a thorough investigation of UNESCO was warranted.

This vindictive campaign can't be condemned as "Papist" propaganda. Taking the same staunch line of defense as Catholic leaders, is the National Association of Evangelical Churches, Dr. Clyde W. Taylor, the society's Secretary of Affairs at Washington, states in no uncertain terms that "UNESCO still is led by a pack of atheists."

Perhaps the name calling and brick-throwing is excessive and not thoroughly grounded. Still these arguments are rooted in a soil fertilized by fact—it cannot be denied that these critics have, at least, a right to a hearing on their case. For example, they substantiate their condemnation of Turner with a selective biography of the learned historian. In 1934, Associate Professor of History Turner at the University of Pittsburgh aroused such a storm of protest from students, associate teachers, parents and church groups for his derogatory attitude toward faith and spiritual growth that the administration saw no means of bypassing an out and out dismissal. Things, in fact, had come to such a head, that the term "Turnerism" had been coined as popular jargon symbolizing "the worst possible approach to religion." Criticism, however, can seize on many other points. The first vice-president of the International Commission for a Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind — the general framework within which the project will be executed — is Adlous Huxley, the outspoken English agnos-

tic and advocate of companionate marriage. This appointment provides much food for thought, much ground for fear that religion and in particular, Christianity may not be adequately and impartially presented. Critics have photographic memories — the mention of Huxley inevitably calls to mind his pamphlet "UNESCO — Its purpose and its philosophy" published during his director-generalship of UNESCO. The pamphlet elaborated upon Huxley's so-called rational thesis that UNESCO is barred from accepting any religious world-view; that the organization confronted with competing theologies finds but one expedient — one made to order, in fact — to rule out all religious beliefs!

Adding further powder to their well-filled cannon, the anti-UNESCO's cite with vociferous dismay the appointment of pseudo-philosopher, Bertrand Russell — a well-known figure in materialistic circles — as the first correspondent (a quasi-assistant to the editorial board) from England. Turning their thoughts America-ward, they discover that for the nine correspondents allotted to the U.S., no Catholic, no scholar prominent in Catholic activity, no member from a Catholic institution has been deemed worthy of the job.

Such attacks upon individuals might be considered as so much talk were it not for concrete evidence that severe damage can be and has been wrought under these biased auspices. To clarify my point: Christians and Orientals in general unlike the economic-minded Marxists, hold philosophy or religion to be the greatest determining force in history. Throughout time, the Medieval scholastic, the Indian Yogi, the Nirvana-seeking Buddhist, the Moslem warrior — have certainly believed it. As a prevalent view, this consensus should receive cognizance in constructing the skeleton of the History. However, fincombing of the present working papers bringing nothing of the



sort to light. Careful search reveals, in fact, that religion will be treated summarily as a part of the separate analysis of culture isolated from the main thread of the work. The Czechoslovakian historian and author, Bohdan Chudoba gives the Christian answer to such a move: "The religious element is not secondary to culture, but the source of all action."

Pitted against the UNESCO antagonists, however, is an equally arduous band of its supporters. Msgr. Hochwalt, Secretary of the National Catholic Educational Association, an official member organization of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, sincerely attests that he has never observed any atheistic tendencies in the society or in its projects. He claims, furthermore, that the preamble and constitution of UNESCO are largely the product of the eminent Catholic philosopher, Maritain. His fears are of a different sort. He sees the danger of jumping to a conclusion about an entire program over one individual and confidentially claims that enough of NCEA are interested in UNESCO to put up a fight to preserve the "high moral tone of the program."

The question here is not clearly drawn. Catholics, as such, have no

right, as yet, to seal the History with the clear cut stamp "condemned." In a calm, cool, and clear statement, Msgr. Hochwalt lists the obvious defects about which the Christian World can justly "squak": certain scholars lack objectivity, government influence has not been entirely excluded (the Commission, only partially independent, is 66% subsidized by UNESCO), world philosophic beliefs are disproportionately represented.

The Commission, however, apparently didn't expect the way to be strewn with rose petals. Realistically enough, it has planned to sponsor a quarterly *Journal of World History* whose pages are wide open for research contributions to the History, stimuli to world-wide thinking and (and it's an important and) critical comment on the material or plan.

Again, UNESCO's Commission has hit upon a fine idea — our hope is that it doesn't get lost in the Platonic world of ideals, that it passes eventually from mind to reality; that James McGrough of Pawtucket, that Clyde Taylor of the Evangelical Association, that Msgr. Hochwalt and their counterparts seize upon this open journal for what it is — a chance to "preserve the high moral tone of the program!"

HELEN LANDE '54





# Never Underestimate the Power . . .

Do you realize what is being done for you as an American consumer? The time and energy put into certain fields is not appreciated. There are so many more experiences in life which we take for granted without giving any thought to the "whys" and "wherefores." One of these experiences is "gnisitrevda." It is not Greek or Latin derivation, nor is it a quote from the *Canterbury Tales*. It is merely advertising spelled backward — and it's much milder, too. It takes your face out of the shadows into the light of new loveliness, especially if you are over thirty-five and don't have naturally curly hair. From a recent survey it has been found that it filters your throat on the way to your stomach, and two out of three women have lovelier skin after two hundred and thirty nine days. And imagine, it floats-without-water at that!

Under its influence one is made to realize that every product is the best of its kind. What better proof could be offered than one's own personal experience? It has encouraged you to "test for yourself"—and that includes everything from Murime to Calbert. Of those who fail the test, no mention is made. Their fate? Their eyes deteriorate, their Camae mild soap diet costs them a plastic surgery job, and their test as a "man of distinction" has enrolled them in A. A.

Although a product is proven the best, gnisitrevda keeps you in touch with continual improvements. Something is always being added — solium, ten year calendars on Bulofa watches, or more pipe racks at Roberts Hall. You can now expect chlorophyll in your wheaten and if the doctors want

to keep themselves really busy, they'll be testing other doctors for cigarette hangover.

There is not a time of day when one cannot be reached. In the subway rush hours you must stand and stare at a woman who is in desperate need of a Brono-zeltzer, without ever being able to turn your head to see if her need is finally supplied. The human interest story is always placed before one for early morning entertainment. "Meet Miss Interborough Rapid Transit." She hopes to be a dramatic actress, take a trip around the world, raise a large family and work part time at Macy's. At present she is the editor of the College paper, and is running for mayor of her home town in the Caribbean. This is a real human interest story, that is, if one can be sure that she's human!

During the day, by merely showing a cigarette in public you are being influenced by advertising (that is gnisitrevda spelled backwards!). You light it, and immediately some one is whispering to you with "mike" in hand, "Don't inhale, and let it come through your ears! Now try my brand, don't you find it much milder? By the way you don't know me, do you?"

Since television has developed into a new "channel" for our topic, the evening is well supplied with opportunity. It would be of benefit to notice how one's intelligence and powers of concentration are continually being sharpened. "What do you want out of a cigarette? Certainly not tobacco! Try the eternally long "Death," the scotch tape tipped cigarette, a well packed smoke. Don't worry about inhaling, you can't!" Audio-visual aids are being

added to help us understand modern improvements more easily. Dirty dishes are washed right before your eyes, and the soap cuts the grease without rubbing. Could there be a clean dish in the pan and a quick switch made? (I said switch, not swish.)

We owe more than we could ever repay to advertising. It has taken many

off the streets into testing laboratories or photographic studios for "befores" and "afters." People have gained insight into the troubles of others, whether it be dandruff, halitosis or B.O. We are not alone in this world. Gnisitrevda is with us and for us all the way! Poof!

JEANNE DOYLE '52

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## *City*

*For years you kept me,  
Obscure and suppressed beneath  
    your towering grayness,  
Chained by smoke and soot  
    to your rhythmic but tuneless pace.  
Today,  
I know a pear tree and  
    some grape vines  
And smell tantalizing mint leaves  
    from my window.  
Obscure and suppressed?  
    Not any longer.  
My chains?  
    Perhaps the unobstructed sky.  
But always — a prisoner to your memory.*

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

# Black Bird

The Louisiana swamps, on a dull, damp day in July, are not a pretty sight. In fact, the Louisiana swamps, on *any* day, are not a pretty sight. Especially to a stranger from New England who has spent all of her life among crisp, bright, white-shuttered, lawn-surrounded houses.

Of course, I hadn't come all the way from New England just to visit the "swamps in July." I merely had to pass the swamp area in order to get to the hospital, which was my real destination. No, I wasn't sick. As a matter of fact, I was a doctor, or, at least an "almost" doctor. I had been sent to Louisiana for my internship, and this was the hospital of my choice.

Approaching in the cab, I felt at once a tremor of excitement and a surge of disappointment. "How small! How old!", I thought. (Had I really expected a sleek, modern facade?)

Once inside the building, it seemed even smaller, older, darker. But it was clean. And a handsome blond doctor who met me at the desk, helped to raise my spirits.

He greeted me. "Dr. Dodd?", he asked. "We've been expecting you."

"Yes," I answered. He took my bags. "Thank you," I said.

"I'm Dr. Nelson," he volunteered. "Steve Nelson. I'm the house doctor."

He then brought me into a small room where a colored man sat at the desk. He was dressed in a white coat, just like Dr. Nelson's. But he was a younger man, I thought, and a bit taller, I noticed, as he stood.

"Dr. Dodd," said Dr. Nelson, addressing me, "this is Dr. Carter. Jefferson Carter. You'll be working with him for a while."

"Oh, how do you do?", I offered weakly. I hoped I was hiding my disappointment and shock.

"Hello, Dr. Dodd," he said kindly to me. "I'll be here as soon as you are ready."

"Thank you," I said, trying to smile at him. "Thank you."

Dr. Nelson and I left the room, and he turned in the direction of my quarters. I interrupted him before he started.

"Dr. Nelson," I began, "I—couldn't you let me—I mean, there *must* be—" I stopped. My pride would not let me admit my intolerance. But Dr. Nelson sensed what I meant easily enough.

"Oh," he said. "You'll get used to him. He's really not a bad chap considering — you know—"

Just then, from outside, we heard what sounded like a large flock of birds. And it was. I could see them soon from the window.

"They come from the swamps," Dr. Nelson explained. "They pass by quite often. Soon you won't even notice them. They're a species of small black-bird." He looked at me meaningfully. "You see," he continued, "even the birds around here are black."

Somehow his bluntness shocked me. But I said nothing, and he showed me my quarters, and gave me the key.

It took the rest of the day to get settled, and to become acquainted with the rest of the people in the hospital.

To the left lay the swamps, then the hospital, and to the right a group of tiny buildings which comprised the whole town. It was a charming scene. And so we sat for a short while to admire it.

As we did, another flock of those

same blackbirds flew overhead. They were gone in a matter of seconds. Then Jeff said:

"You know, it's a funny thing about those birds. They're harmless and friendly, but no other flocks ever seem to go near them. They're quiet and dutiful, but they never fly high as other birds. And yet, they're constant. You can depend on them. And you know, their sound is the same as that of any flock anywhere. The sound of wings is fleeting and lovely — sort of like a prayer. You can look upward, hear it, and know it's there, even if you don't see it."

"I know what you mean, Jeff," I told him.

We started up then, and began our walk toward home. When we got to the bottom of the hill, however, we met a stranger — a crying stranger.

She was a little girl about three years old, who had just (we managed to discover) lost her doll. I was so moved by her lonely, tear-stained face, that I bent down and picked her up, holding her close to me.

Her tight, black pig-tails were without ribbons; her torn dress revealed her smooth, brown little chest. She sobbed bitterly.

"Mommy, Mommy!" she cried, her arms tightly around my neck.

I heard Jeff stifle a gasp. "You must never say that, honey," he said quietly, avoiding my glance. "Your Mommy is home."

"Aint got no Mommy no more," she sobbed. "*She's gone away wid de Lawd.*"

I held her closer. "Well," I told her, "I'll be your Mommy today, and Jeff and I will buy you a new dolly."

Jeff agreed that we could do this, and we went to the nearest store.

I carried her all the way, trying as best I could to kiss her tears away. Jeff was silent for most of the time, and remained so even after he had

completed our "mission," and brought the little girl home.

Even the next day — the next week — Jeff seemed somewhat quiet. I was quiet too. For we did not need to talk, and talk could accomplish nothing. But the tenderness was there — the love was there — just as surely as a lovely blossom grows before God.

Still there was nothing we could do. We worked. We went on with our daily routine among the patients. We told each other nothing: I could not — Jeff would not. We went on that way for months, hoping, praying, — loving unselfishly.

The next day I started working with Jeff (he insisted that I call him that) and oddly enough, his company was not at all unpleasant. In fact, his calm, polite manner, his humble restraint, and his appreciation of my feelings toward him, made it rather pleasant.

But intolerance is not something that passes away overnight. (In fact, in some people, it never passes away at all.)

That Sunday morning I had to leave to go to Church, and so I walked to a nearby Chapel. That one morning before my God, helped to push my intolerance away a whole lot faster. The sight of black people on one side of the Church, and white people on the other, really made me wonder. And the sight of Jeff, whom I had not seen at first, made me wonder even more.

The faint, peaceful smile on his face as he returned to his seat from Communion, made me beg God to forgive my intolerance, and to make me even half as worthy to receive Him as Jeff was. "How could I have been so foolish?", I thought. How could I have had the pride to refuse the company of a man with whom God Himself deigned to dwell?

The next week flew by quickly, and Sunday again was a free day for me. (This good fortune, I was advised,

would not continue indefinitely.) Since Jeff and I had been doing that kind of research work that required the attention of two people, he too had a holiday.

After I was sure he had nothing else to do, I asked him if he would like to go for a walk. Perhaps, I suggested, he could show me some of the sights.

He hesitated at first, but finally consented, after I convinced him how much it would please me. We walked to a hill about a mile from the hospital from which, Jeff assured me, we could see the whole city. And it was true — we could.

And then, finally, our prayers were answered. Maybe not as we had hoped, and yet perhaps the best possible way.

Jeff had gone to town for some supplies. He was on his way back when suddenly his attention was drawn to a tiny girl with no ribbons on her tight, black pig-tails . . . with her smooth, brown chest showing through her torn dress. She had with her a small doll. We found her still clutching it.

It was an automobile accident — just as simple as that. Jeff had tried to save her, failed, and was critically hurt himself.

We took him back to the hos-

pital, and I asked Dr. Nelson if I could take care of him. He was dying, and I knew it. All we could do now was pray.

"'Out of the depths', Rita, please," he whispered. "Say it with me." It was the first time he had used my name.

My tears fell hard and fast, but quietly. "Yes, Jeff," I answered. And we said the *De Profundis* together. After that he said no more, but I hoped for as long as I heard his breath. I took his hand. He was smiling the faint, peaceful smile I had noticed that first day in Church. He still said nothing, but I could feel an ever-so-slight tension in his hand. It grew stronger, and then suddenly I saw from the window a beautiful white bird, graceful and free, soaring upward.

The tension stopped. I knew at that moment that he had died. I remembered what he had said about the blackbirds that day on the hill.

I wept aloud now, and for the first time, pressed my cheek to his. I knew then, as now, that he would always be there when I looked upward. For the sound of wings is fleeting and lovely . . . and Jeff was like the sound of wings in my life.

MARY DUCA '53

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## *Whose Love Is Innocent*

*I know Beauty.  
She is young and soft and wise.  
She lives ever in love with Love:  
I look and find that in her eyes.  
She is gentle, warm,  
And silent, even when she cries.  
I know Beauty now.*

MARY DUCA '53



# The Littlest Bell

The people in the town called him Old John. Nobody seemed to know his name or where he came from. He had lived in Lindenburg even when the children's grandmas and granddads were boys and girls.

He was an old man now, short and plump, with a merry pair of blue eyes and a long grayish white beard. Old John looked like a nice little old man which he certainly was.

He kept his shop on the northern part of the town square. There he made and shined all his precious iron children before they were bought by churches, schools, towns and people all over the country.

All the children loved to visit his shop and look at his large family. They liked especially the big iron bell whose tones rang out so loud and clear:

Lau-da-te Dom-i-num

He was quite the biggest bell in the shop!

Next came Big Tom. He didn't sound so long and loud as the big iron bell, but he had quite a noisy ring too. The day that they had tried him out for sound the people in the town five miles away had heard his:

Gong

Gong

Gong

Gong

On the other side of the shop, they would look at a set of twin bells that stood side by side. They each were four feet high and two feet wide. Both had the same shiny bronze coat. The only difference was the sound they made. One said Ding; the other Dong.

Together they sounded:

Ding

Dong

They were to be sold together, for to break them up would leave a Ding without a Dong and a Dong with a Ding.

Next to Ding and Dong was a little bell that went:

Put away your hats and toys

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-ling

And start to study girls and boys

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-ling

Some teacher would buy that for her classroom so she could call the children to work every morning.

But the children liked it best when Old John came to the "Littlest" Bell. It was the last one that he polished. He had made this bell from a small bit of iron that he had left over from the big bell. And it was quite a remarkable job of workmanship! The bell had the most beautiful designs on its sides and written on the front of it was the name, "Resurrexit." That was really a good name for the bell for the old man had brought the bell to life from the left-over pile of scrapes.

The bell didn't bang out loudly:

Laudate Dominum

Nor did it go:

Gong Gong

like Old Tom

Nor:

Ding Dong

like the twins

Nor:

Ting-a-ling

like the teacher's bell

Resurrexit went: Tinkle, Tinkle.



One day Old John decided to make a choir of bells. He joined about ten of them — including the big bell, Old Tom and the little bell. He attached to each bell a silver chord which got thicker as the bells got heavier.

Soon they were packed into large and small boxes to be put together again when they reached their destination. For they had been bought for a far off cathedral and were to be placed high in the organ loft behind the altar.

Now when they rang in the cathedral the big bell went first and then the other bells joined in. They didn't do this every day — only on special occasions. But it seems on these special occasions they never rang the little bell.

Either its string got lost or else the man just didn't see it. Finally one day the string got loose and fluttered down behind the organ.

The other bells felt sorry for little Resurrexit. They wished that someone would ring him, for every time that they rang they had to comfort him for days and days. And this time should have been spent in getting their tings, tings and lings, lingly.

As time went on the poor bell began to despair. Here he had come in July and gone through the feast of the Assumption and Christmas and Epiphany and never once had rung. Not even one bong or gong! (As if he really could, for when he rang all that came out was the softest, gentlest sound like that of a music box).

He hoped and hoped and then began to give up for it was over two months since the bells had rung. He

didn't even have a string so what hope had he.

Then the morning of Holy Saturday came. All of the bells were feeling rather weak and out of practice. From down below someone began to pull and tug at their strings. The bells quickly came alive and began to sound their long and loud peals.

But something wonderful happened! The big bell rang so hard that he accidentally touched little Resurrexit. The little bell began to rock back and forth. Of course, not much of a sound came out, but a little boy and girl sitting down below heard it and smiled.

It was so sweet and soft and little like they were. And it sounded so out of place among the grown-up bells.

Now when your Mommie and Daddy take you to Mass with them on Holy Saturday and the priest says the words, "Gloria in excelsis," see if you can hear the little bell. It's a soft and nice sound. That's how you'll know it. Every year it shows off on this day, and the day when all the bells and the organ of the Church burst forth in a beautiful symphony in preparation for the welcome they will give Christ on the morrow, Easter Sunday.

Little Resurrexit may have to wait all year round for the big bell to be pulled so hard that he can accidentally touch him. That doesn't bother him.

For he knows that Jesus Christ, whose glorious Resurrection he is announcing, dies each year, too, only to come back to life. Both are resurrected to fill the hearts of all with joy.

JOAN LITTLE '52

## Women and Politics

It is no secret that our government has been riddled with corruption on all levels — national, state, and local. The dramatic Kefauver hearings, the mink coat R.F.C. scandals, the home freezer — Harry Vaughn escapades not to mention the recent income tax manipulations, have headed the front pages and occupied the TV channels for months. It is apparent that a good house cleaning is in order.

Women have centuries of experience in this department. A sense of order, fitness and propriety, a respect for morality—these make women naturally adept in house cleaning and these are what are needed in the political world. Logic demands that they be supplied — belatedly we admit — by those capable of supplying them. Now is the time to try to clean up government and politics.

Never before have women been in a better position to exert influence. The 1950 census shows that women outnumber men two to one. Women spend most of the nation's income which, in large measure, they are helping to produce. Prejudice against women has been dying out as they have proved their ability in industry, in professions, in business, in the armed forces, in all walks of life. Why not politics?

Actually, there is a steady increase in the number of women entering politics. More are needed. Can you become a politician, can I? Let's look at the record, as the voters should say.

Lady politicians aren't all glamorous like Clare Boothe Luce and Helen

Gahagan Douglas. They aren't all cold, calculating career women either. Most likely, she is an average woman — a housewife, a mother, a grandmother, the girl next door. Our legislator lives in New York, Louisiana, Rhode Island; drinks coffee for breakfast and catches the 8:25. The political Miss must have had an out-going personality in order to have been elected. She has to combine feminine charm and masculine logic to win the respect of colleagues and constituents. In other words, "She must keep her facts and her seams straight."

Several of these capable women have already formed niches in political jobs. Connecticut has a woman as the Secretary of State; Rhode Island a State Senator; Oregon, an Assembly woman; Washington, Virginia a mayor while New York's Mrs. Edna Kelly is a member of the House of Representatives and Miss Margaret Chase Smith represents Maine in the U.S. Senate.

It is impossible for most women to take on the responsibilities for two careers. Taking care of a husband, children, and a home is a full time career for most. There are ways, however, in which the housewife can help her legislative sisters clean up politics. Women can become better informed in matters political. They should get to know the candidates for an office — their character, beliefs, qualifications, etc. The time to get the best man or woman for office is not at the polls but at the primary. It is of no use to vote for one of two equally corrupted candidates nominated by party bosses.

The thing to do is to pick the best man (or woman) and campaign for his nomination before the primary and afterward for his election at the polls. In this way, Bossism could be eliminated. Another important point is that if all the women in the United States banded together to vote for a

reform candidate, they could not lose because of their greater number.

Women as wives and mothers, guardians of the family morals, have an obligation to their country as well, to keep it the best possible. Please God, they won't shirk their obligation.

ROSEMARIE ARNETTA '52

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## *For A Lover*

*You are the Sea,  
Roaring and turbulent.  
Forceful and exuberant,  
Driving forward eagerly  
To wrest the joys of the world  
From Fate's grasp,  
And pour them into my heart.  
You are the Sun,  
My world rotates about you,  
Seeking you for warmth,  
Fearing only lest the coming day dawn  
Without the gentle assurance  
Of your wide and wondrous rays.  
You are the Moon,  
Casting light through the dark night  
Of Life, so that I may find  
A clear path ahead,  
First in — then out again  
With renewed brilliance.  
You are, above all,  
A creature of the Lord  
Sent to comfort, alleviate,  
Unshackle fettered emotion,  
To make me believe  
That I've already gathered  
A bit of the Beauty called God.*

MARY DUCA '53

*St. Joseph's Catholic Church*

245 Glenview 19



## Barcelona Looks to Peace

While people all over the world find themselves preoccupied with thoughts of truce talks and peace negotiations, Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen have decided to take positive steps regarding the international situation. That is why the 35th International Eucharistic Congress to be held at Barcelona, Spain, from May 27 to June 1 of this year will be dedicated to the cause of peace. Not that Eucharistic Congresses pretend to be any sort of peace conferences — their purpose is to promote love and devotion to the Holy Eucharist through prayers and ceremonies participated in by representatives from all over the world. But what better plea for peace could be manifested than the gathering of thousands of pilgrims, both cleric and lay, to pay tribute to their King in the Blessed Sacrament in humble supplication for peace from the only source through which it can come.

The whole idea of convening these Eucharistic Congresses originated with a woman — Mlle. Marie Tamisier.

With the aid of Bishop Gaston de Segur and the eminent Catholic layman, Philobert Vrau, her ideal was realized in 1881 when the first Congress was held at Lille in France. From that time the Congresses were to be held annually and all corners of the globe — Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, the Pacific Islands, have acted as welcome recipients for the millions of faithful who attended them. The world wars, however, interrupted the regularity with which the Congresses were held and the last great International Eucharistic Congress was held at Budapest, Hungary, in 1938.

This Congress in 1952, therefore, marks not only the first Congress in 14 years but *may be* the occasion to cause Pope Pius XII to leave the Vatican in order to be present. If he does so, it will be the first time any Pope has left Italian territory in almost 150 years — an event which undoubtedly cause additional thousands to attend the Congress.



In brief outline, the ceremonies of the forthcoming Congress will include a solemn reception of the Cardinal Legate and an all night vigil of prayer on the opening day, May 27. On the second day emphasis will be placed on the Christian family with general communion for children and homage of the Christian family to the holy Eucharist. The Masses of the next day will be offered for the sick and persecuted throughout the world and will include homage to Jesus Christ by all who work. The two succeeding days will be devoted to women and men respectively, with mass and general communion for each and a special holy hour for men.

During these five days, general sessions of the Congress will be convoked. There will be a general ordination of priests, mass will be celebrated in various rites, religious plays will be presented in the Palacio de la Musica and the Placio Nacional.

The impressive closing ceremonies of the Congress will take place on Sunday, June 1, when solemn Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by His Eminence, the Cardinal Legate. The latter part of the day will witness the stirring climax of any Eucharistic Congress—a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in which thousands will participate and a final benediction in the great open square of Barcelona. As in several past Congresses, the Holy Father, if not present, will terminate the six days of adoration by a radio broadcast to the assemblage and to all the world.

For the sight-seer as well as the pilgrim, this Congress will prove an experience of enduring value. Besides the pilgrimage to the Congress and tours within the city of Barcelona itself, many travel bureaus all over the United States are planning extended trips of an additional month or more when the tourist can take part in

guided expeditions to points of interest in places as Rome, Carcassonne, Paris, Lourdes, Lisbon, London, Cork, Killarney, and Dublin.

One final point we might consider here — is the reason for choosing Barcelona as the site of this 35th International Eucharistic Congress. As it is the second largest and most important manufacturing city in Spain, it boasts of many clean modern hotels, restaurants, shops, and theaters, besides accommodations in private homes which will be hospitably placed at the disposal of the visitors by her predominantly Catholic population. Barcelona also offers a large stadium where great numbers can gather for the official ceremonies of the Congress. As the chief seaport of Spain, Barcelona is the most likely to represent a cross-section of southwest Europe, where one will find not only the native Catalonian (a mixed race combining the features of Iberian and Goth), but also people from other parts of Spain, France, and Italy.

The city consists of an old town with characteristic crooked streets and flat roofed houses and a new where the great Gothic cathedral reflects much of the religious history of Barcelona — the sum total of which cannot fail to make this famous Catalonian city host to one of the most inspiring Eucharistic Congresses in many years.

Who would not seize this opportunity of uniting with thousands to all venerate the Eucharist and beg for peace from the King of Peace. Yet, however much we would like to we all cannot make this pilgrimage — but this we can and should feel obligated to do — to pray for the success of the 35th Eucharistic Congress as a practical fulfillment of the commandment to love first God and then thy neighbor as thyself.

ROSEMARY DARMSTADT '52

# God and Women at St. Joseph's

From his retreat at Gethesemani, Thomas Merton has had the opportunity to look across the complex age of the Modern. From and through his detachment he is able to weigh the modern's way of life. He has found it wanting. To paraphrase a passage from his *Seeds of Contemplation*: "Many Students are not students for the same reason that many religious men are not saints — they never succeed in being themselves. . . . People are in a hurry to magnify themselves by imitating what is popular and too lazy to think of anything better. Hurry ruins students as well as saints." We want success in studies quickly. Any short cut will do: summaries, hand-me-down notes, etc. We are hypocrites for we condemn Pragmatism in theory, but we live it in the fulfillment of our vocations. Our philosophy: "Sufficient unto the professor is the work, thereof."

In the scriptures we read that Abel sacrificed his first fruits. Our first fruits are: term papers, book and lab reports, and vocabulary cards. Yet do we ever offer them to God? Are they worthy of being offered? Perfection with help of His Grace is what He demands: "Be ye perfect even as my father is perfect." This is a hard thing. This editor feels that the Little Flower, a modern herself, was showing the modern girl the way to perfection by her own life. Her little way is a tremendous help toward the completion of our ideal as Catholic Students. She would say that if each assignment could be done to perfection every night with preparation, care, and perseverance, then we might, in some measure, be living up to ourselves. It's the little things that count; it's the little things which add up to sanctity. We never think of becoming Saints by doing these ordinary things well. Today's theory says that education *is* life and not a preparation for life. But we as students still act under the old theory. Students today feel that they will start to live after graduation, next vacation, or next weekend — never today or *now*. "Now" is preparation for that hour quiz; now is reading that next chapter. This, is the hour of sanctification. Fulfill your vocation. Start to be a saint, by being a real student.



# editorial comment

## Letter To The Editor

To compare the treatment of the Younger Generation as it is found in *Time*, *Life*, the *Journal-American*, and *LORIA* we see that they all agree as to our amorality, our apparent passiveness, our lack of individuality, and our search for individual security via money, luxuries, stable position in a large firm, etc. Pat Egan, former Editor of *LORIA* went one step further in stating that the Catholic Younger Generation must change and lead the world.

Now what does this mean to the undergraduates of St. Joseph's College? We are more passive than our contemporaries; we know less about the world, than the so-called confused persons running it. Nothing much bothers us except perhaps, a girl getting up to talk in G.A., or a mass retreat during inter-term recess, or reading books, or sometimes even sitting through class.

We have little individuality. Very few of us would bother getting all the academic facts from text books, very few would offer interpretations at discussion in the classroom. We don't; we wait until we get to the classroom to get the facts, at the expense of our marks and allow the rest to pass with time.

We find security by closing our minds to everything except, perhaps, finding the easiest way to finish a term project or by learning a few obscure words and injecting them into discussions about which we know little or nothing. We also feel, things will be different once we have that infallible B.A.

All this is our amorality. Each one of us sincerely believes in God and His church, but we don't live in God. We do live in God by going to Mass frequently, visiting the chapel, and by praying occasionally during the day. However, we make no connection between our love for Him and the amount of work we put into college. We see almost no relationship between our love for Him and our conduct towards our classmates. Vaguely we see Him as a reason for improving ourselves.

To say the least we are in a dead state, and we are supposed to lead the world! We fit into *Time* or *Life's* description very easily, but as Pat says, we should not.

Now, what can we do about it? We could get to know God better in order to love him more. Then perhaps, our school work, our social capacities, even the College itself would improve. Possibly, by getting to know God more, we would not be afraid because we would be acting according to His will. We would find individuality in Him, security with Him. Through Him we could improve ourselves, our college life and by example, influence our friends and acquaintances.

Sooner or later, through some of us, God would have to be felt in the cities, the nations, and eventually the world. With God the characteristics stamped upon us as the mediocre Younger Generation would be erased and we would be proud to belong.

As a member of the Younger Generation, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

CATHERINE MEEHAN '52

# *A Long Spring Day*

In the spring the water in the creek is a murky brown. It often comes over the layers of tree trunks made into a protecting bank and floods the low lawns nearby.

Joey sat on high ground watching the water slip easily over the back lawn. It almost reached the side of the house, set back a little from the gas station. From his seat he could see the water coming down the mountain side and skipping over the rapids. It was a bright day though there had been a storm during the night. The cement road in front of the station was already dry and a few cards had gone by.

Slowly Joey put his head between his hands to shut out the scene and noise. He wanted desperately to cry but he was too big for that. Some say that adolescents are pretty mixed-up individuals but Joey had learned some adults were more mixed-up than he.

The trouble with Joey was that he wanted to go back a few years to the time when his father was alive and there was happiness in just being alive and being a family, or to go ahead a few years when he would be a man. He wanted to know new people, be a different person himself and block out the memory of this. Most of all he wanted to stop the pressure that seemed to tighten around his brain.

"Joey!", he heard Nick, the man of his troubles, call. He pushed his hands down on the new grass beside him and rose. When he was up straight he looked at the distorted shadow the sun cast of him on the rolling slope. If he were but as tall as that shadow he could take Nick bodily and throw him out.

"Joey!"; the voice was becoming ill-

tempered. He walked along the side of the station on the weeds that had grown in the once small but pretty garden his mother had planted. In a few seconds he was facing a roughly handsome man about a head taller than he.

"Go down to the village and get change." Nick was always brisk. He turned and went into the station. A hammer lay beside a pump. With all the strength he could muster Joey crushed the desire to strike this man as he walked away from him. He went over to the pump. Lying against it was his bike.. He got on and rode off, leaving problems behind for a while at least.

In a few minutes he entered the general store. A few people were in there, but Mr. Benson came right over to him.

"We need some change, Mr. Benson, can you spare it?" Joey's face reddened a little when Mr. Benson took the money. He knew what Benson was going to say next and the tone he would use. The man went over to the cash box and rang up the no sale sign. As he started back to where Joey was standing, his mouth open, and true to form, he asked about Joey's mother, and sarcastically, about Nick. Joey answered quickly that they were well, took his change and turned to leave.

As he did so Mrs. Truff advanced toward him. She left her bundles on the counter and came over, tucking bits of her hair in place. For spring it was awful hot and Joey wanted to get out to the fresh air and the smell of sweet grass and away from her.

"Joey, are you, your mother and Nick coming to the bazaar?" She knew before he asked that they wouldn't be, but she was searching to pick up something to tell her listeners, which meant every living person she'd meet.

"No," he answered, "I don't think we are." Let the old busy-body think what she wanted, he'd make no more excuses.

He got outside the store and ran over to his bike. Some kids had just ridden up to where he had parked.

"Comin' swimmin' tuhday?" one called. He nodded yes, and got on his bike.

By the time he counted ten he was again in the country, past the last farm house on the outskirts. When he reached the next bend in the road he could see the station. As he got closer to it he noticed a car drawn up in front. Its occupant was filling his own tank while Nick lounged against the pump. Joe yturned in the drive-way and saw that Nick was talking low and friendly to the man. When he was almost on top of them, but still out of hearing, Nick cut the conversation short.

Joey went ahead into the station room. It was dark and cool in there. From the back window he looked out at the house. The big oak was shading one side of the porch and his mother was sewing on the other side where there was more light.

He put the change in the cash register. By the time he closed the drawer he heard the stranger's car drive off. He walked over to the window to get a better look at the car. It was quite a flashy job. When he turned from the window to go outside, he saw Nick standing in the doorway.

"Spying on me kid?" Nick asked. His hand went around the top of Joey's arm like an iron clasp.

"Of course I'm not," Joey answered

angrily. Nick's face was tightened but then it relaxed.

"Sure, you're just looking at the passing clouds, huh. Goin' swimmin' this afternoon?"

"Maybe," Joey pulled his arm free as Nick let him go. He went out the door and almost ran to the house. He was frightened, but of what? Nick? Why, he was only the hired man. Yeah, the hired man that had taken *his* place with *his* mother. He was scared, but so was Nick. He had seen it in Nick's eyes as he held his arm. What could *he* do to Nick?

He climbed the steps of the porch in the slow way that is part of the contradiction to the quickness of youth. His mother was sitting near the steps but she never looked up.

"I'm goin' in for a bite, Mom, and then swimmin'. Okay?" He thought she might look at him to answer, but she didn't. She gave her assent while continuing her work. Instead of going on into the house Joey sat down on the floor next to her chair.

"Mom, let's go to the bazaar." At last she stopped and looked at him. In the last few years her face had become longer and her skin drier. Small red veins had appeared on her cheeks and her eyes were glassy.

"Mom," he went on when he had gotten her attention, "It would do you good to get out with people. They miss you and — I miss you." He watched her unchanged expression.

"If you want to go, Joey, go. I'm not up to it yet. I'll get your lunch. Stay here and call Nick when I'm ready." She got up, putting her sewing kit on the porch railing. Walking in front of him she crossed over to the screen door.

"When you go to town again, Joey, get some cotton for the door. I think the bugs will probably be around early this year." She opened the door and entered the darkened house.

Joey got up and sat down sideways on the railing. He thought of the first time Nick had appeared at their door looking for a hand-out. He was a wise apple. He had seen that there was no man about the place. He had asked if his mother had need of an attendant for the station. It hadn't been long since his father's death and Joey's mother had accepted him openly.

It was funny how over the space of time that had elapsed since the intruder had come she had become more and more dependent on him. Now she hardly ever went over to the station. Nick had gotten the run of that. How he had edged Joey out. Joey looked down the side of the porch into the puddle that had formed from last night's cloudburst. He was the image of his father, and more than physically, for his every action was a reminder to his mother.

Nick was opposite to him in every way. He was six years Joey's senior but he seemed older and wiser. All this had hurt him, this which he knew was taking place and which the whole town knew. Everyone figured that Nick would own the station soon. They saw the alienated affections he had caused. If it were jealousy on his part, Joey thought, he could fight it and he'd realize that most of this was his own imagination working. But he'd heard what people said when they thought he couldn't hear them. In a small town it was even hard to keep one's innermost thoughts from the gossips.

Joey leaned back against one of the porch columns. He kept on thinking of Nick and what it could have been that he feared. They knew nothing of Nick's past or plans for the future.

Joey changed his thoughts to the fun he'd have that afternoon at the swimming hole. There'd be laughter and no Nick. But, though he didn't want to, he thought of that car that was getting gas before. The stranger

knew Nick. A link to the past. A link that could break the present.

"Joey," he heard his mother call and realized that he'd been thinking a long time. Lunch was probably already on the table. He got up from his perch and called Nick. Maybe, he kept thinking as he crossed to the station, he'd get Nick in more ways than one.

Lunch hadn't taken long and Joey was ready to skid out from the station on his bike with his trunks and towel tied on the back. His mother was washing the dishes when he left. She had told him to go ahead with his gang. It had seemed funny to Joey, her thinking of him and the gang. It had sure been a long time since she had said that. Maybe Nick had noticed something that he hadn't that had scared him. Maybe, (in other actions he hadn't been aware of), Nick had seen his mother reawakening from her dream.

Joey felt happier at that moment leaving the station than he had felt in a long time. He turned down the road to town. The swimming hole lay beyond the town, but that was not his destination. During lunch he had thought of that car and its driver. If the man were Nick's friend he might stop over at the restaurant-hotel in town. At least it was worth a try. Plans of action rushed through his brain but he knew none would do. He would have to improvise.

Mr. Benson was outside of the general store as he passed, so he waved and received a hello back. It was like the first meeting of the day with someone. Maybe it was. Mr. Benson's face had suddenly seemed friendly, the lines on it were softer, the eyes had a twinkle and his stout body was a jolly roly-poly thing.

It didn't take long to reach from one end of town to the other where the hotel was. It looked like a building out of an old western mining camp, with its street porch and the one



one flight up which circled the building.

Joey leaned his bike against one of the piers which held the overhead porch. He stuck his hands in his pockets to conceal the nervousness that he felt. He walked onto the porch and through the open door.

In the hall into which he walked one dim electric light was on. The owner of the house sat in a cool, damp corner. His chair was tipped back against the wall. He was rubbing his bald head intensely. When Joey stood directly in front of him, he looked up.

"Lookin' for someone, Joey?" he drawled, while turning his page. Joey gave his usual nod for yes. The man put his paper down but he continued to rub his crown.

"Who?" he asked to hurry the conversation along.

"A man," Joey replied. "He's got a flashy car. I think he just came into town today." In a town their size at that time of year to ask for any man without a first or last name meant a stranger.

"If you want the man, Joey, he's in eatin'. If you want the car, it's parked in back." The owner returned to his paper unmindful of the boy or the man he sought. But Joey went on to the doorway which was the entrance to a small, clean, sunlit room. Inside was a row of tables along two walls, one between two windows and one on each side of the door leading to the kitchen. Three tables stood in the middle of the floor.

The only noise in the room was the scraping of pots from the kitchen. One man sat at a center table cutting a tough piece of beef. Joey walked over to the table. He tried to think quickly of something to say. When he reached the man he stood beside him.

The man seemed a little different now. Sitting down the man was very

squat and his blue stripe suit was rumpled and dusty.

The man turned up a greasy face to look him over from top to bottom. He seemed utterly indifferent as to whether anyone stood over him watching each fork-full he took. He turned his face back to his present occupation and again tried to get his knife through a piece of beef which resembled the dirty leather sole of a battered shoe.

"I'm a friend of Nick's," Joey finally got out. Quite impolitely he sat down in the chair across the table from the man who had finally won the battle with the meat and was putting an enormous piece in his mouth. The man just glared at him and ground the food between his teeth.

Joey waited for some word from him, but none came.

"I saw you this morning at the station," Joey got out, almost choking on each word. It had just occurred to him that this might not be his stranger and he was talking ridiculously.

"You were at the station just outside of town on route 109 this morning, weren't you?" Joey asked in the tone that expected assent.

It took a long time in coming, but finally the man mumbled the word Joey waited for in return to his question.

"You've known him a long time, I know, though I wasn't sure whether I'd know you, I was lookin' to see if you needed anything, I'm a native here and know every bit of the place." The man really stopped his eating when he heard the many sentences in one come out in one breath. A small smile broke over his teeth.

"Could you repeat that short phrase?"

Joey could feel the heat and redness climbing up his neck. He hadn't wanted to appear as a babbling boy and now he had done just that.



"You're curious about Nick, ain't you?" The man looked right through him.

"I didn't ask you about him," Joey spoke more slowly. He didn't want to seem over anxious.

"But that's what you wanted. Your mother owns that place, doesn't she? Never mind telling me — I know all about you. If there's anything you want to know, go to Nick, and ask him." The man was certainly unco-operative, but Joey had gotten some ideas.

"You're not a friend of his, are you?" Joey said. "He wasn't afraid of me at all, but of you. Why?"

Two slices of hot roast lamb lay unnoticed on Joeys dish, accompanied by peas, mashed potatoes, and mint jelly. It had been just served by his mother and the steam was coming up in delicate columns.

"Hasn't Joey come yet?" she called to Nick, who stood in the next room looking out the window into the night.

"His bike isn't by the pump, so he ain't at the station. Maybe he went to another kid's house to eat." When Nick spoke his words drifted clearly over the range he desired. Even with his back turned he knew that a furrow of worry was spreading over the womans face.

"He'd have told me," she mumbled, going back to the kitchen for Joey's milk.

This was not the first time that he had come home late from swimming. Often he stayed all afternoon by the hole watching the sky reflected in the water, and then when twilight came he would realize the day had gone by. His mother knew his ways, though for a long time her thoughts had wandered elsewhere when her family came to mind.

She was filling his glass of milk on the kitchen table when she heard the

ramble of feet on the wooden front porch. It cut the stillness of the house and brought freshness to the quiet moodiness which growing night created. She heard the screen door slam the way only an eager, hungry boy can do it and the soft steps coming through the living room and dining room.

"Is that you, Joey?" she called, knowing that the familiar voice would answer.

"Yes, Mon," Joey shouted, taking his seat at the table. He looked first at the hot food which made his stomach turn in eagerness to consume the meal. Then he looked at the two empty places, and turned to the living room to see Nick watching the road.

"You lookin' for somebody, Nick?" Joey asked with an assurance Nick had not heard before. The hired man turned from the window and seemed to see for the first time the lanky boy sitting relaxed at the table.

"You been swimmin' all afternoon, Joey?" The fearful expression of the morning flitted across his face. His sun-burned complexion became a sickening yellowish gray. Slowly he walked to the dining room door and looked across to the clear eyes that reflected a knowledge of him which twisted his egocentric soul.

"Sit down, Nick, the dinner's getting cold," said Joey's mother from the kitchen doorway. In one hand she held Joey's milk and in the other the sugar bowl.

Nick quickly took his place and in a nervous gesture pulled his empty coffee cup nearer to his plate.

"I have to go out later," he said, beginning his meal.

Once or twice while he ate he looked up to see Joey's steady eyes peering at him. He finished his dessert and coffee before the other two and went into the living room. For a brief period

Joey and his mother sat in silence finishing their meal.

"How was the water, Joey?" she uttered in a manner to start conversation. Without noticing it she had felt the heaviness that surrounded them.

"I had an awfully refreshing day," Joey replied averting a direct answer. He started to help his mother pick the dishes up when Nick came back into the room and said he had to go then.

Joey watched him pick up his leather jacket and go out the door. All the while his mother stood with the dishes in her hand watching him.

"What's wrong, Joey?" she asked in the concerned tone he had not heard for a long time.

"It's okay, Mom," he replied, turning back to his task. "It's okay," he repeated for himself and her.

ANNA M. LANAHAN '54

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# DEATH

*Outside, the rain beats a steady staccato  
Against the window-pane;*

*As gloom and dampness creep past  
The slowly-peeling frame.*

*Inside, the tick-tock, tick-tock of a huge clock  
Replaces the raindrops.*

*Outside, umbrellas scurry through the downpour,  
And hurrying feet send tiny spurts of muddy water*

*Across the streaming pavement.*

*Inside, dampness stabs the corners of the room,*

*And chokes the scarlet embers in the hearth,  
While death seeps over the doorsill*

*And engulfs the life it came for,  
Then leaves, in search of more.*

*While the rain beats a steady staccato,  
Gloom and dampness stay within.*

MARY ELLEN BOYLING '52



## In All It's Splendor

In a dimly lighted Russian hotel room a man — with a heart filled with fear and devotion — hastily offers, consecrates, and receives a Host. This is his Mass, essentially the same, but stripped of all its grandeur and solemnity for secrecy and haste. While thanking God afterwards he feels a pang of regret, for he recalls his first Mass, years ago. In fitting vestments he had recited liturgical prayers and ceremonies which seemed to satisfy his desire to worship God.

Although the Sacrifice of this priest obtains infinite merit, something was missing — some element of proportionate beauty had been omitted. Simply, it lacked the means of expression preserved and developed from the Agape of the Early Christians to the Solemn Pontifical Mass or today. This heritage — the Liturgy — fulfills a fundamental, inherent desire in man to express his spiritual emotions in terms of material objects. For a creature composed of body as well as soul these material manifestations provide a durable form of expression.

The symbolism, music and prayers of the Liturgy unite to provide a guiding norm for private devotion. As dogma is to private religious opinion, liturgy is to private devotion. A United Body, the Church, needs a united form of devotion. The universality of the liturgy combines with individual devotion to fulfill man's social and solitary needs. Neither is sufficient in itself; therefore, the Church urges both private and common prayer.

Throughout the schools of our country children are introduced to and taught to admire their heritage—freedom, literature, art. Indeed, every country carefully preserves and cherishes its heritage. Catholics in every country inherit an additional heritage, the liturgy. In considering the value of this Catholic heritage or any other, remember the value that the Nazi and Communistic organizations placed on materialistic heritages. If their materialistic traditions are so important, there must be greater value in the spiritual heritage of Catholicism.

The actual derivation of Catholic liturgy is unknown to many; some accord it its origin to the Popes and others to the Apostles. However, the use of ceremonies to worship God goes back to God Himself in the Old Testament. God prescribed specific regulations for the vestments and buildings to be used in sacrificing mere animals. In the Mass imagine the ceremony necessary to befit a Victim that is God Himself.

Knowing the ceremonies of the Old Law, the Apostles fulfilled God's request. Although lacking adequate proof, historians have visualized the Apostles celebrating their first Masses in the Cenacle Room of the Last Supper after Pentecost. As in the Old Law ornate vestments were used; in fact, one of Saint Peter's garments was preserved in Saint Genevieve's Church in Paris. Each vestment was chosen for its utility. But since then spiritual writers have attributed to them a symbolic meaning, for example, the amice bespoke humility while the alb symbolized the seamless cloak of Christ.

The majestic splendor of the Divine Office finds its origin in the prayers of the Early Christians; while the Crucifix, a reminder that the Mass is another Calvary, comes from the Apostles. The wooden altars of the first Christians did not hold the Sacred Host, but rather relics of the early martyrs. As fear of persecutions lifted, the Christians were better able to worship in a fitting manner. Saints Basil and John Chrysostom each developed his own liturgy from which two sources our present stems..

As time progressed and man saw in music a means of devotional expression, there arose a need for an organized form of Church music. In fact at that time hymns were being sung to popular music. To cease the practice Saint Ambrose of Milan inducted

Church music. Later, Pope Saint Gregory began a school for the development of Gregorian chant. In order to focus attention on the words of prayer simplicity was the keynote of this chant. In his *Confessions* Saint Augustine expresses his appreciation thus, "When I remember the tears which I shed at the Chants of the Church in the first days of my recovered faith and how I am still moved by them. . . . I acknowledge the great usefulness of this institution."

From the symbolic self consuming candle to the beautiful and inspired poetry of the Early Christians, the Sequences, the liturgy progressed steadily in its mission of providing an adequate form of worshiping God. The cold austerity of Puritanism attempted to dissolve the liturgical heritage completely. Unsuccessfully they abandoned methods of worship cherished over centuries. The bare cold churches which greeted the Puritans left them vainly attempting to express their worship and thanksgiving to a warm, loving God.

Today more than ever when once again people are endeavoring to bring Christ back into each daily task, the liturgy assumes an important position. The simple expressions of faith and love of the liturgy can help to decrease the span between Sunday Catholicism and daily life. Liturgical forms provide people with a definite form of living the Church year as well as the natural year. Certainly hatchets or log cabins do not represent Washington or Lincoln, but they do help to recall the lives and characters of these two great figures — they do provide food for speculation. Christian feasts serve to recall the God-Man, Himself, and therefore possess a far greater reason for being celebrated. Little things around the schoolroom, office, and especially the home could carry with

them the wealth of Christianity. On Easter morning breakfast tables one might see bread, ten inches high, symbolic of the Resurrection or round doughnuts to signify the eternal nature of God. Celebration of national holidays express a spirit of patriotism but Christian holidays — the Spirit of Christ.

A similar function of the liturgy may be seen in the movement to reinstate the Sacrament of Matrimony to its proper position. Not only have liturgical symbols been used on wedding invitations but other ceremonies such as a Solemn Engagement are once again coming into prominence. As be-

fore the liturgy is providing people with a means of expressing faith and devotion and of drawing their lives into union with that of the Church.

Whether the occasion is a Solemn Pontifical Mass or a party to celebrate a feast, the liturgy plays an important, if not vital, part of Christian life. No other form of worship provides so simple and universal a means of worship as the liturgy. As the Ecclesiastical Year progresses through the life of Christ, it provides for the average Christian more than a commemoration of Christ but actually a means of living each year *with* Christ.

PATRICIA GERLACH '55

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## *After This Life*

*After the leaves have blushed, and have fallen,  
The glory of giving glows through the veins.  
Beauty is traced through the once blazing colors.  
Harmony's peace annoints the remains.  
After the crystal, once gleaming, lies shattered,  
The splendor in each broken glass can collect  
Light multiplied in the hundreds of pieces  
A rainbow of delicate hues will reflect.  
After this life shall be gone and forgotten,  
No tears shall be given to memories past.  
Dreaming in you, I shall wake to discover  
A love, that is living in All Love, surpassed.*

CAROLYN CARDINALE '53



# AN INVITATION

When Madame Balade invited me to dinner at her home in Hunt's Lane, I was genuinely delighted. Even though she is of a former generation, to be exact, the mother-in-law of a classmate, she is, nevertheless, one of my favorite people.

Although the schedule of our lives limits our meetings to showers or wedding receptions, I am never in her company for long without being thoroughly charmed and entertained. And I have noticed that her effect is the same upon others.

Often I have wondered what spell she casts or what magic web of conversation she weaves that makes her seem so in harmony with all ages and all circumstances.

It is her captivating secret of making people feel just a shade wittier, or a bit cleverer than they really are? Or is it her deep sense of sincerity in encouraging youth, of excusing age?

Perhaps it is her "old country" type, her very French background, her very brown eyes which shrewdly evaluate the past and naively contemplate the future. Even the invitation was indicative of her:

"Jocko, come to the Lane, this afternoon, to see the Madame. I have a favor to ask of you. Also we will pass a pleasant hour together. You will have your insipid tea and I will drink my cognac. Do not ring, the door will be open, and Timy will escort you."

Timy is her dog, a big large black and white collie. I gave it to her on her first birthday in the United States.

His papers called him Lord Timothy of Connaught Corke, he was, in reality, a chubby ball of rough hair. And upon receiving him she told me:

"He is a true friend, one with which there is no need of conversation."

Recalling our infrequent meetings, I have tried to analyze her charm, and with all I could remember nothing tangible, nothing original or specific to make her outstanding intellectual, only a general sense of kindness, a quiet dignity. Maybe it was nothing at all but a scent of good perfume, words slightly accented or a handsome apartment as good props to her performance.

With the prospect of dinner with her, I decided to try to ferret out her charm.

At precisely two minutes to three, I turned down the Lane from Joralemon Street. On the doorstep of number 9, Timy lay regally, and at the sight of me came slowly to his feet and toward me, his plumy tail riding like a banner over his broad back.

We both climbed the stairs, and entered a small room off the balcony. Before the diamond paned shutters, a table was set for two. There was white china with a pattern of violets cascading down the cups, they mirrored the two candles like *virgin sentinals* as yet unlit on either side of the table. In the center was a bowl of violets.

Then Madame appeared. She came in unobtrusively, with a minimum of stir, yet upon her entrance, I was unaware of anything else in the room. I

started to rise but she lightly touched my arm and then seated herself. We exchanged greetings and although there was no sign of affection, I felt she was really glad to see me, realizing how pleasant it was quite simply to be liked.

We sat down at the table and Madame picked up a small silver bell which she rang. While waiting for the maid to answer she drew my attention to the bell.

"It was a present from Bishop Valyer. Notice," she said, "the handle is shaped like a devil's tail. When the Bishop pointed this out to me I was shocked but he said 'Madame isn't that the best way to have a devil — by the tail?'"

She looked at me with a smile. All at once the room had an atmosphere, not to be equalled anywhere, Madame created it. I recognized one of her qualities — sincerity — to herself as well as to others. She lived completely in her own age, fully desiring no other. Madame would never be satisfied with externals but always "tested the second layer."

"Is school fascinating this term," she suggested, "or just school?"

"Oh, mainly routine," I answered, then realizing I should contribute more I continued, "Spanish seems interesting. My teacher thinks I do well. He insists I do something with it, although I can't imagine what."

"You don't see any future in it?"

"Except maybe peddling tortillas!"

She laughed at this, with real enjoyment — it filled the room with a musical sound, the air was light again. I thought — may I be like this, when I'm older, not patterned by time, but in possession of my own atmosphere —"

I was about to compliment her upon the *petit-fours*, when without delay, she explained the reason for her note.

Some time ago, an old friend of hers wrote to her from France, telling Madame that her son was coming to New York for a few weeks, "would Madame" show him to city's constructive life.

"By constructive life," explained Madame, "she means a few museums, an art gallery — but there is so much more that is constructive in New York — such as shows and your New York, Jacqueline, not mine — the museums are mine."

"Sometimes, I think your view of city is more fascinating," I offered.

"Peut-etre," she said simply, "but you must be my age — you have to live your years before you can enjoy them. And so as a favor to me, will you 'pad' his constructive tour of the city?"

"He's not one of those Europeans, who'll be proud to tell me what's wrong with America in the first hour." (I was suspicious.)

"No" — but there is no reason to — to (so to speak) cast the die as yet. I have invited him here today. If he does not appear altogether charming, proceed (as a signal to me) to put on your gloves and we'll forget about it entirely — but if he seems interesting, lay your handkerchief on the table. Laughing I answered, "Our own little intrigue!"

Just then, the bell sounded both down the hall and through the open window. Like a blast of a trumpet — it heralded the guest's arrival.

Madame called through the window, "Come up, come up!"

Seconds later she said again,

"Jacqueline, may I present to you Monsieur."

I extended my hand and at the same time placed my handkerchief on the table.

GERALDINE FLYNN '53

## *Sun Beam and Moon Glow*

*The jeweller smiled politely,  
And with loving caress,  
Laid the diamond ever so gently*

*Upon its velvet dais;  
And from the plate glass  
A sun-ray struck the gem,  
And split its army of color  
Into molten yellows, greens and blues —  
Twinkling, sparkling, aflame.*

*They burned into my mind  
And, though unwilling, I closed my eyes  
Against their crystal wiles.*

*The Church was still,  
Perfume-sweet from candle wax;  
And in the coolness of the dark,*

*I whispered Aves to the Queen.  
Then, my God, from His winter moon,  
Loosed a breath of silver spray;*

*The moonbeams kissed the mullioned pane,  
And a more radiant, more vibrant light  
Shone through the sacred frame.*

*Suddenly, I saw the fragile beam  
Bestrew the heavens  
For Mary with her moonlit smile,*

*Blessed the glow,  
And changed its fairy gems  
Into diamonds in the sky.*

MARION ORLANDO '53

# Wanna Dance?

Seven-thirty! Time for "Rollins on a Cloud!" Ah! *Charleston, Charleston!* Now, there's a dance. Jennie! — Come on. I'll teach you *A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, and You* da da da what? Well, let me explain — some believe it started on an island off the coast of South Carolina and was later popularized in the city of Charleston. And in 1924, in a negro revue called *Running Wild* it was formally introduced. Formally isn't the word, for everything about it was fresh and exciting — the steps were complicated, outrageous; and the dancers often helped the band by beating, and slapping, and stamping out the rhythm. This is why 'the Charleston' has such a breathless quality, or rather why it makes a participant breathless — for it seems to correspond to the sharp, broken intake of breath when you run around a corner, or when you make a mistake walking down a flight of stairs in the dark. It was, and still is, a variation which multiplies the intricacies of jazz. Come on, Jennie! Faster —

At first, many considered it constituted just a relation of one body to music — the abandon to the dance was so complete, the separate movements so broad and free — there seemed no possibility of two people doing it together. Nevertheless, there were enough steps in 'the Charleston' adaptable to the duet; the schools taught it; movie houses held 'Charleston' contests; little children imitated the step on the sidewalks and along the country roads; and here I am teaching you. . . .

"Slide! balance! weave! kick! — shake your feet!"

Doesn't doing its' most elementary steps make you feel as thrilled as waltzing the original *Merry Widow* up and down a circular staircase? No? Well, you're just lacking in appreciation. C'est tout!

Not that you're particularly interested, but did you know that there's just one dance truly native to America — the 'Lindy Hop'?

One evening in 1927, after Lindbergh's flight to Paris, some young negro couples began improvising eccentric off-time steps in a corner of the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. On the sidelines a connoisseur of dancing, named "Shorty George" Snowden, watched critically, then muttered: "Look at them kids hoppin' over there. I guess they're doin' the 'Lindy Hop'."

And that's how it all started — today, after many years of evolution, it has become America's native dance—sometimes explained as product of the American's impatience with the restriction of conventional forms.

To many, the gyrations of so-called jitterbugs may appear disordered and vulgar. But even the 'Minuet', a dance of the courtier, is really a French derivative of a rowdy thing called the 'Brands.' And face to face dancing horrified the well-bred and wasn't accepted by society until Czar Alexander danced the 'Waltz' publicly.

The present 'Fox Trot', a one step which evolved from the 'Turkey Trot' and other new dance steps of the early

1900's, gained acceptance only after the dancing masters modified them.

Sure! I agree that as recently as five years ago a jitterbug was anyone who pounced, wiggled, and jumped in time to "hot music" without any particular knowledge of what he was doing. But there are some changes being made. Americans are now more than ever becoming followers of the dance and revelers in its possibilities.

Why even folk dancing is becoming popular again. In spite of the skyscrapers and humming factories, in spite of the rush and competition of daily living, Americans have not forgotten its joys. Not everyone knows how to tread the measures of a *Hoe Down*, or *Alabama Taternine*, or even a *Virginia Reel*, but a great number certainly do. On the stage—in past hits, such as *Oklahoma!* and *Finian's Rainbow*, we find theatrical versions of these country dances.

Today, folk dancing is as national and informal as sand-lot baseball. In many small towns it has become the big weekly event. However, some four

hundred cities now provide municipal folk dance programs. In New York, home of the sophisticated slither and glide, you can go folk dancing every night of the week. It's a gay insanity that descends alike on those in languid New Orleans or bustling Detroit, and wipes out wallflower tendencies by the general hilarity.

Dancing (physically, socially, and educationally) represents the unique expression of an individual or a group. For dancers, as Clarissa Dixon says in *Power of the Dance*, are the artists speaking for all of us about things of which we have not yet become conscious, speaking clearly from the most profound needs of the time. In dance, the sordid, the grim, the ugly, the humorous, and the ridiculous aspects of life are shown to be as worthy of expression as the noble aspects of this world.

So next time you're at a dance whether it be a bunny hug, the cake walk, the big apple or just the now traditional fox-trot say "Yes" when someone asks: "Wanna Dance?"

EILEEN GUERRA '53

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(Continued from Page 4)

how gloomy their lives might become, this wonderful season would never fail to make them glad to be alive. Each year, for a few glorious months, His creatures would see the goodness of God and experience, once more, His unfathomable love for them.

Suddenly, the Lord looked up and saw Peterel for the first time. By this

time, young Peterel's robe was no longer clean. A black spot conspicuously stood out directly above his right knee which Peterel had used as a support during his strenuous game. The Lord called the little fellow, sat him on His knee and said: "Peterel, I'm going to tell you all about the Spring."

MARY E. SHEA '55



# Outcast

Anne heard the girls talking in the locker room. It was four o'clock, and they had just finished classes for the day.

Betty's voice said, "That makes eight girls, including me. What do you think about asking Ruth?"

"I think it's a swell idea," Mary said. "but you know what she always says when we ask her to anything like this . . . Oh, Hi, Anne."

"Get in on the conversation," said Betty. "I've got news. Yesterday I ran into the fellow down the block; you know, the one who's in college up-state. Well, their school started vacation earlier than we do, so he invited a flock of his classmates down over the week-end, and he thought he'd have a party if I'd supply the girls. It didn't happen that quickly, of course, but that's the idea. We were just talking about who to invite. Naturally, you're among the elect. We always feel so safe when Anne's at a party, don't we, girls? No competition, you see."

"I'll ignore that. I wouldn't give you the satisfaction of hearing one of my very clever replies."

"To get back to the discussion. Shall I ask Ruth, or not?"

"Do you really want her company or do you just feel sorry for her?", asked Pat.

"We go around with her during school hours. I don't see why she shouldn't associate with us extra-curricularly."

"Extra-curricularly! What a big woid! Gee, youse is smart!", exclaimed Anne elegantly.

"Ruth, stop faking. That play closed last week. What's really the trouble?"

Ruth turned her head away from Betty, so that the other girl could not see her face. When she spoke, her voice was very low. "I guess I'm just afraid. I can't bear the thought of facing a group that may not accept me."

"All those other times we've asked you places, did you only pretend you were going somewhere else?"

"Yes, most of the time. I hardly ever go anywhere, except at school. I'm so afraid that people will make fun of me, because I look different from everyone else."

"But we can think of you as a normal girl, which you are. Don't you think that most people will act the same way?"

"I wish I could. When I walk along the street, they look at me in the strangest way. I don't want them to be sorry for me. I'd rather be ignored than pitied."

"But at least you're not fooling yourself. You have the courage to admit that you're afraid. Lots of people couldn't do that."

"A lot of good that does me," she said ruefully.

"Let's get back to what I asked you. The only way you can lick this feeling is to prove to yourself that your fears are unfounded. Come to the party Saturday, and you'll see that I'm right."

Ruth started to speak, but Betty interrupted her. "Now don't worry that I'll tell the boys beforehand, and they'll have rehearsed for the occasion."

"That's enough out of you, you aincompoop. To listen to you, you could never tell that you know more about the language than Mr. Funk, or Mr. Wagnall, or either for that matter."

"Let's get back to the discussion — the first one," pleaded Mary. "I've got to run home and put the potatoes on in a few minutes."

"All right," said Betty. "I think we should ask her. Any objections?"

"Not really," Pat said. "I'm sure we all agree she's a swell girl. But don't you think we might be placing her in an embarrassing situation? She's really very sensitive about her handicap. Then, again, she might mistake our good intentions and think we were just showing off our own popularity. Remember what she said in answer to the last few invitations we extended to her. She always seems to have something better to do. . . . That's just another side of the argument to consider, although it's not necessarily my opinion."

"You might have something there. She says 'no' a bit too often. Tell you what. I'll ask her to come, and if she refuses, I'll try to find out if she really has another date."

"Do you think she might be backing out, and that's why she claims she's busy?" inquired Mary, as she put on her coat.

"Could be," concluded Betty. "That's enough of that. How about withdrawing to Schultz's for a soda? We've done so much talking that I'm sure we're ready for one."

The following morning, Betty found Ruth sitting on the floor beside her locker, hurriedly writing the last paragraph to a book report. She greeted Betty with, "How do you spell 'consensus', with an 's' or a 'c' in the middle? I never can remember."

"It's an 's' . . . Oh, Ruth, there's going to be a party Saturday night.

Most of the crowd is going, and I thought maybe you'd like to go, too. The boys are very nice, so I'm sure you'll have a good time. What do you say?"

"It's sweet of you to ask me, but I'm afraid I can't make it."

"No? . . . Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the theatre."

"What are you going to see?"

"Why, that play with Ralph Richardson. What's the name of it?"

You're the same as anyone of us as far as we're concerned, so you'll be treated just like one of us, with no special attention — or lack of it, I'm sure."

"Well, maybe I will do it, Betty . . . For you."

"No, Ruth, for you."

Several of the girls were in the bedroom, fixing their hair and adjusting their make-up. It was eleven o'clock Saturday night, and the party was well under way. Ruth waited until the others left, and then she came over to Betty.

"How's everything going, Ruthie?"

"Betty, I'm having a wonderful time! It wasn't easy at first. They looked rather surprised when I walked in. I didn't feel resentful, though. After that first glance, they acted the same towards me as they did to the other girls. I danced with them, but not any more or less than anyone else did. You were right. All I needed was assurance, and I got that tonight. . . . Thanks ever so much," she added softly.

"I'm glad I could help. . . . And my kid brother calls me a good-for-nothing. If he only knew of my invaluable service to humanity, he'd change his tune. . . . I think I'll become a psychiatrist. Know anyone willing to sell a leather couch — cheap?"

DOROTHY HARTE '52

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**Summer, 1952**

THIS IS GOD'S COUNTRY  
IRMA SHERWOOD

END OF THE CIRCLE  
ANNA LANAHAN

COMMUNISM  
EILEEN GUERRA

POOR OLD MAIDS  
MARY DUCA

"Dappled things"

**LORIA**

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN**





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# *End of the Circle*

By the still waters he had waited all night. Small insects bit into his skin. The endless gossip of the crickets clattered through his brain. The rustle of the wind through the bushes twisted his stomach. His throat was as dry as scorched hay. He allowed himself to close his eyes for only seconds at a time. Just one unguarded moment — just once yielding to his heavy eyelids — and he would be lost.

He pulled himself up and lurched down to drink from the silent pool. He knew that in a few moments the fear that clutched his whole body would once more make him thirsty.

While he drank, the first light of the dawn made the dark objects beside him take form. He lifted his head away from the pool. In the water he saw the dark outline of his face. How wildly his hair stood out from his scalp. How the features of his face had changed. The light became brighter and he looked into eyes which were foreign to him. It was unbelievable that he could look so different when in his heart he felt the same. No, even that was changed. Today he would kill or be killed. His enemy even now was searching for him, or had found him.

Suddenly he looked away from his reflection. The place which had seemed a haven through the night became a death trap. The trees became iron bars. the bushes hunter's snares. He could see the outline of his path to this pool. He got up slowly.

His best aisle of escape was along the bank of the water. It was not yet bright enough to see the bottom of the

pool or what lay in the underbrush near it. He began walking carefully by the edge. He tested each step. A few times he looked down into the water and saw himself. There walked a weary creature in his stead. His eyes were great black pits and his mouth was pulled tight. The veins of his temple stood out.

The only noise came from the pressure of his feet against the dead leaves. Then another sound, not made by him, brought the crazy light of expectation to his eyes. It was the unmistakable sound of a foot stepping on dry branches.

Across his path dashed a jackrabbit. How tired he felt.

He wondered whether he was just a rabbit to his pursuer: frightened, searching for some place to hide. But how could he know? How could he understand what thoughts passed through that other twisted mind.

He stooped and took another drink. The cool water burned his palate. Even though fear engulfed him, he could feel the emptiness of his stomach. With each step it became harder to think.

This was all such a foolish jest. When they were younger, his enemy and he had run through this same wood as friends. They had shared secrets which even their parents had not known. They had grown up together. Then each had gone off to make his own way in the world. A few times their paths had crossed but they had never fought. And now this was happening. Not one of their so-called friends had stepped in. Each friend

had thought too much of his life to try to pacify the situation.

He took a few more steps and faltered. To his left stretched a long plain. The earth lay flat and giant trees surrounded the place. If they must fight as savages, here would be a place of choice. It would be a fair fight. There would be no trees to hinder them.

At last his mind began to clear. He knew that his strength was ebbing. He must get food. It seemed an easy need to satisfy here. Most of the animals came to this water to drink and from these he would choose a fat victim. Already the woods began to grow alive.

He listened to the bees beginning their thankless task. The old birds took flight in search of food. The screech of animal against animal came from the distance. In a little while the lazy animals would be scavenging the left-overs of another's work.

Another rabbit raised his head from some bushes. He inspected the landscape and then dashed to the water. The pursued felt his muscles flex. He would be for an instant a pursuer.

While the animal drank the water contentedly, he watched. Then he brought down the heavy blow which laid the rabbit lifeless at his feet.

He dragged the rabbit back to the bushes where he had taken up hiding. As he ate his victim the warmth of the other's life refreshed him at each swallow. Once finished he threw what remained into the dark foliage for the ants to pick.

The next thing he needed was sleep. Just to close his eyes. To lie relaxed and let the muscles of his limbs stretch out was tempting. To rest and let his spinal column put its weight

against the cool, soft earth was a desire that overwhelmed him.

Even the thought so enticing to his body brought a flare of hatred for the pursuer that lurked near by. To relax could mean death. He needed now as he never needed before something to occupy his mind, to drive off the constant urge for sleep. Of course — he would think of his plan of action. By now the other had reached his shelter of last night. Not having found a new path the enemy would know that he had taken refuge in the bank's edge. The pursuer might walk in the opposite direction for a while and not finding proof of his presence turn this way.

Or he might come this way immediately.

The pursued thought more and decided that the safest place would be the edge of the clearing. The other would probably stop here and go out into the field in search of tracks. From the wood's edge he would take pursuer by surprise.

The rays from the new morning sun shone through the branches of the trees. His eye caught something slithering through the grass.

He looked about to see if it was safe for him to go near this thing. The thing passed before him and halted on the edge of some high grass. He came close to it, intrigued by its beauty. Almost upon it, the thing slid down a large hole. It had beautiful colors, he thought. He turned away, cheated by the disappearance. He wondered what kind of prey had attracted the snake. Was it large and full blooded or weak and fragile? No matter.

He turned to retrace his steps in the direction from which he had started. He did not go far.

Like the black lava of an erupting volcano, his eyes clear and his scarred

mouth twisted in triumph, the enemy stood in the clearing with his back to the water.

The fear of the unknown crackled through the nerves of the pursued. He had counted too heavily on surprise. Yet exultation seeped through his veins and struck his heart. Now was the time. The hunt was over.

The pursuer approached cautiously. He was tall and straight. His head was lifted as if to steady an unseen crown. Neither of them uttered a sound.

At last the enemy was a few feet before him. The pursuer looked to the sky. Black dots circled the opening to the heavens. Even the vultures were ready.

Without warning the pursuer sprang. His mouth hardened between a sneer and a scowl.

The pursued was quickly driven to the ground. Neither struck. They rolled together in the dirt, testing each other's strength. They broke their holds and got to their feet. Once more they tried for a fresh hold. At last the pursuer was on top, striking constantly. His mouth opened and saliva ran down the yellow teeth. He beat and beat un-

til his own blood flowed from the impacts. He made ready for the kill.

Then the pursued was on top. He drove his adversary to the dirt. He confused the stronger pursuer by sudden movements. Both fought for survival with no thought of the purpose.

To the fighters no change was evident. They could not hear the silence. The warning of a stranger's presence.

Guns cocked for the kill were held in readiness.

The intruders stood at the rim of the field and watched the figures rolling in the dirt. The pursuer was victor but for a moment. Then the Pursued lashed out in a final effort. Both were so unbalanced that they fought their own shadows and they clumsily struck at each other. Their blows had lost the force which had driven them on.

The first shot sounded as thunder, the second as the last lightning bolt of a storm. The woods were soundless. The two fighting beasts fell dead from the direct shots of the hunters.

The woods began to sound again. Not far off another beast made ready for the fight. The snake popped his head out of the hole and slipped forth unnoticed. His sides were bulging.

ANNA M. LANAHAN '54

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## *Cirrus*

*I ride on a cloud of happiness,  
And watch as you ride one too.  
But when you cease to care, my love,  
Woe will tear open my nebula,  
And I will*

tumble

through . . .

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

---





## *What Am I?*

I am a Catholic. Four words, each very important to me. Yet to another the simple declaration — “I am a Communist” is just as important. All of us know what the word Catholic implies, but what of the other — what of Communism?

It's a recognized fact that man has forever tried to solve his problems by defining — by putting or attempting to put into words his thoughts, ideas, concepts. He ponders carefully from the “what is an apple” to, as his ego-centric nature demands, “what am I?”

Are men “but children of a larger growth” as Dryden puts it? Or is he as Nietzsche maintains “a rope connecting animal and superman — a rope over a precipice . . . what is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal.”

Since the proper study of mankind is man — we look into ourselves and

what do we find there? Is there more than skin and bones? We possess ideas, strive for truth; most of us adhere to a religion, hold dear beliefs, and have a code of morality — what are these? Are they an integrated part of man? From where do they come — from without or from within? The cycle has led us back once more to the question — what am I?

There is not, as one would suspect, but ONE answer to this age old question. It has been answered in many different ways by many people belonging to various schools of philosophy. It is a pivotal point about which philosophy most often centers and which shades all its other conclusions. What then has the man to say about this issue who declares — I am a Communist.

Communism — does it really consider truth relativistic? Do we fully understand what is implied by this word relative? Are Communists by definition atheistic . . . do they adhere to any religion? Do they have any moral code — is ethics but a myth? Since our lives revolve about God as the earth does about the sun, it does not seem odd or strange that our curiosity is primarily conceived with religion and morality of this Joe Zilch.

Before we discuss religion and perhaps morality in detail, we must of necessity examine the question of truth. The criterion of truth proposed by communism or dialectical materialism is namely PRACTICE. That is, according to Marx we can know matter only in order that we may act upon it. For if knowledge must lead to action and if the purpose of all action is to change matter, then, obviously, that knowledge is true which enables us to change matter successfully.

A rather exaggerated example given by Engels serves to illustrate this point — he states that if we mistook a shoe brush for a cow we should immediately discover our error when we subjected our concept to the test of practice, namely, attempting to milk the brush! Logical, isn't it? What is meant by dialectical materialism? Dialectics may be defined as a conflict of opposites producing progress. For instance the interaction of thesis — being and antithesis — non-being produces synthesis — becoming.

It is precisely because all beings of our experience are at once something and not some other thing, that change is possible . . . they cease to be the thing they were and become one of the things they weren't. Contradiction is the moving principle of the world. An example would be — gluttony brings us to a state where we cannot bear the sight of food. The thesis gluttony produces its antithesis — satiety; the synthesis of these two is moderation in eating.

Is truth then always available to the mind that seeks it? Or is truth's acquisition rigidly conditioned by circumstances of time and place?

Marx maintains that the context of knowledge is indeed rooted in the circumstances of time and place. For as instruments of research are perfected or invented men progressively advance to a new and deeper understanding of the nature of reality.

Engels said that to all appearances we are standing at the threshold of human history and the generations which will correct us will be much more numerous than those whose knowledge we ourselves correct.

What exactly do they mean by "man's knowledge is relative."

In conformance with what has already been stated, they maintain that, first, it is *quantitatively relative* — in the sense that more truth is known about reality than was possessed by former ages while later ages will surpass the present state of knowledge. Secondly, speaking *qualitatively* — the significance of facts now known will be enhanced from age to age as man progressively discovers their relation to other facts unknown at the present.

Does man ever arrive at *full* and *complete truth*? Marxism says certainly he does. Engels answers this by saying — there are eternal, final, ultimate truth — no one denies that 2 plus 2 equals 4, that Paris is in France, that a man who gets no food dies of hunger, and so on — but these instances however are rare.

You may conclude that Marxism equals Relativism. This they say is not true for Marxism insists that there is a permanent basis of truth — objective reality. When Marxism asserts that knowledge is relative to a particular age, by no means does it intend to imply that which is true today may be false tomorrow. There is a big point to be made here — the contention is that quantitatively and qualitatively truth is less perfect today than it will be in the future ages, this should not equal relativism but *progress*.

The basis for all truth is objective reality. Marxism's approach to a philosophy of *religion* is realistic and based on objective facts. Marx assures us it is the only scientific approach.

To discover the origin, nature and purpose of an institution (for that is what religion is) one employs not only a reasoning process but a study of its history.

Its origin: according to Engels:

From the very early times when men, still completely ignorant of the structures of their own bodies, under the stimulus of dream apparitions came to believe that their thinking and sensation were not activities of their bodies, but of a distinct soul which inhabits the body and leaves it at death — from this time, men have been driven to reflect about the revelation between the soul and the outside world. If in death it took leave of the body and lived on, there was no occasion to invent yet another distinct death for it. *Thus* arose the idea of its *immortality* which at that stage of development appeared not at all as a consolation but as a fate . . . and so also the first gods arose as a personification of natural forces. . . .

The powerful forces of nature were the most important element in the lives of the early primitives. Upon these forces the primitive peoples depended for food and their very lives. They stood in wonder and fear — what then would be more natural than to believe these forces but the actions of gods and then might it not be possible to some extent to control them. (This was the genesis of prayer and sacrifice.)

And so religion therefore had a purely *natural* basis: its origin is directly traceable to man's desire and attempt to control the forces of nature. This represents the first stage in the historical evolution of religion. Now came the birth of private property and so once more man instinctively turned again to religion for a possible "escape" from the economic exploitation which had become so much a part of their life. Therefore from primitive times even to our own day religion has had what is primarily a *social* and *economic* foundation. Engles stated:

All religion . . . is nothing but the fantastic reflection in men's minds of those external forces which control their daily life.

Twentieth century men need not worry about natural forces — science has resolved this problem (again I quote Engles).

But now the mysterious forces of the economic order confront man and as long as the action of these forces remains hidden and unpredictable religion will offer man an explanation which will help him bear up under the trial of economic exploitation.

What is the nature and purpose of a religion which originated this way?

Marx said, "Religion is the opium of the people." What precisely did he mean by this phrase. Opium, as we know, has a sedative effect upon man. It deadens pain, allays irritation, and intoxicates the mind. Religion is to ease the physical and mental sufferings of this life by promising greater happiness in a future state of existence. It teaches the poor the divine blessings of poverty and the rich the necessity of giving alms.

Marx, "Religion is the sign of the oppressed creature, the sentiment of a heartless world, as it is the spirit of spiritless conditions."

Lenin stated, first, religion teaches the rich their rights and thus strengthens them in the belief that they are justified in exploiting the masses. Second, it teaches the masses their duties towards the ruling classes. "The helplessness of the exploited classes in their struggle against the exploiters inevitably generates a belief in a better life after death, even as the helplessness of the savage in his struggle with nature gives rise to a belief in gods, devils, miracles."

Third and most important, religion deludes man into thinking he should meekly accept his present state of experience. In a word it makes him PASSIVE. Religion is thus an escape mechanism — a means of escaping from reality and will continue in existence as long as exploitation does, as long as private property does. Religion is thus supposedly of secondary importance to the communist — it is an effect of private property; remove the cause, the effect disappears.

Why then does Communism devote so much time and energy in direct opposition of religion? It believes the task of overthrowing capitalism inseparable from that of destroying religion. Organized religion is a weapon the capitalist or exploiting class uses to strengthen its position of power. The attack upon religion is simply one phase of the great general attack upon the whole present capitalist regime.

The fight against religion must not be limited nor reduced to abstract ideological preaching. This struggle must be linked up with the concrete practical class movement. Its aim must be to eliminate the social roots of religion. — Lenin.

Moral standards also are dependent upon the economic bases of an age. For example, slavery was once needed as an integral part of an economic system and it was therefore morally justi-

fied; today we find it no longer necessary for our economic system and so look upon it as immoral in character. There was a time when even deeply religious people did not consider it immoral. The intrinsic character of slavery has not changed, the issue is the same, yet man's attitude has changed. How else can this fact be explained?

In the same way it is the private property system which has given an illegitimate birth to "Thou shalt not steal" and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

As in their theory of truth — they do believe there are eternal moral laws but at present are unable to discover them. The needs of the class-struggle is the norm of morality.

Yes, here in a very, very small nutshell we see the views of Marx, Lenin, Engels, and those other voices who proudly declare: I am a Communist. Here then we may see also an attempt to solve the problem we started with. Even though they seemed to miss the trees for the forest, discuss the classes and ignore the individual, we find sufficient evidence to say — here is another answer to "What is Man?"

Was it Wordsworth who said —  
*And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man?*

EILEEN GUERRA '53





## *This is God's Country*

Have you ever wondered why the radio or television audiences become slightly less than hysterical at the mere mention of the name, Brooklyn? Surely, Painted Post, Walla Walla and Bread Loaf are more amusing sectional names. Chateaugay and Patchogue would at least have the excuse of foreign derivation. But they need no excuses! Only applause ever greets the names of these communities.

Brooklyn has become almost the stepchild of the nation. (There are some thirty-two Brooklyns in the United States, but when one says "Brooklyn," with no city or state name following, it can mean only that great, thriving borough in New York.) Unjustifiably, Brooklyn has been ridiculed and criticized by people who obviously know little or nothing of the greatness of this splendid city. Brooklynites are a closely-knit people, who will jump to defend their town at the drop of a catcher's mitt and I, as one, intend to do just that.

It is true that many of the natives have refused to conform to the English tongue. This however, may be a carry over from 1898, when much against the will of most inhabitants, the city of Brooklyn became a part of Greater New York. The people decided that since they couldn't have complete independence, they would retain their language. And so it is today, that many among us still speak Brooklynese fluently. However this is no proof that we can't handle the

Queen's English as well as any Bronxite!!

There is one point upon which Brooklynites are in complete agreement.

Breathes there a Brooklynite  
with soul so dead

Who never to himself  
hath said —

Kill the umpire!!!

Our baseball team is the best and most colorful team in both leagues and there isn't a single resident who won't modestly admit this. To us, baseball is a serious business. The Dodgers are the heart of Brooklyn and Ebbets Field is our home. It is the battling courage of the Dodgers that allows us to proudly face the rest of the world. The loyal support which we the fans give the team, whether they be in the cellar of the league or riding down Fulton St. with a newly won pennant, is a quality unmatched in the forty-eight states.

The California smog is as sunlight, compared with the heavy gloom which descended over all, on that afternoon during the 1941 World Series, when Mickey Owen dropped the third strike. However nothing will ever approach the heartache of that dismal October 3rd when, in the ninth inning, Bobby Thomson's big bat smashed away all memory of the once proud 13½ game lead, in a once proud 1951 season.

Another famous ninth inning hit had quite a different effect on the people of Brooklyn. When Cookie Lava-



getto hit a double in the third game of the 1947 World Series, the fans made it a hit heard 'round the world. Cookie had not only won the game for us, but he had also prevented an almost certain no-hit game. The headlines of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, that evening, screamed out to the fans to "Calm Yourselves." It wasn't until the following afternoon though, when Cookie was called on to pinch-hit in a similar situation and struck out, that we did finally calm down. Brooklyn which is a city of paradoxes is also paradoxical about its ball team. Many fans, who would never allow another to utter one word against their beloved "Bums," take great pleasure in jeering the team themselves. For instance, there is the story of the cab driver who heard that the Dodgers, who had been losing, now had three men on base. The cabbie looked up sadly and said, "Yeah, but which base?"

Manhattan boasts its Broadway and Empire State Building. Brooklyn can also boast some fairly spectacular achievements. It is the third largest city in the United States and ranks fifth in industry. Its population of 1,936,040 far surpasses the population of Manhattan. The Brooklyn Navy Yard is the largest and greatest naval base in the world today. During World War II, only nine states in the union sent more young men and women off to defend democracy than did Brooklyn. These 327,000 Service men and women are one more reason why the name of Brooklyn is known from Pole to Pole.

Brooklynites don't just go to ball games, they have a far more serious

side too. They have helped to make their city a truly American one.

People of all nationalities, races and creeds have joined together in building this great city. And at the same time they've put their love of baseball to good use. Wasn't it the Brooklyn ball team that broke the unwritten law which for so long had kept Negro athletes out of the sport? This was certainly a big step forward in our democracy.

Walt Whitman, one of our greatest American poets was a Brooklyn boy. For two years he was editor of Brooklyn's own newspaper, *The Eagle*. Among our other famous names we can list, Irving Langmuir, recipient of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for 1932, Gabriel Heatter, Clifton Fadiman, Heywood Broun and Betty Smith. Glamorous young women like Lauren Bacall, Susan Hayward, Lena Horne and Gene Tierney have done well in Hollywood along with brilliant Brooklyn actors like James Cagney, Dane Clark and John Garfield.

In spite of its outstanding industrial record our city is fundamentally a peace loving and quiet one. For years it has been known as a city of homes and churches. Unlike Manhattan, Brooklyn has no glamorous night-life, filled with exotic, after-hour clubs. Brooklynites prefer out-door, open air sports and therefore take full advantage of the numerous parks and beaches for which our community is noted. Many foreigners (Manhattanites included) travel to Brooklyn to visit our world famous amusement center, Coney Island. The Brooklyn Botanical Garden is just another one of our scenic beauty spots.

I could go on until the Dodgers win a World Series about our outstanding educational institutions, our historical landmarks and our fashionable Fulton Street shopping area but Brooklyn is much more than all of these. It is more than the faith of its millions who fill 1,460 houses of worship weekly, more than the shouts of joy that can be heard throughout the city when the Dodgers make a spectacular play, more than its illustrious sons and daughters who have gone forth and made names for themselves in every field of endeavor. Brooklyn is a warm and friendly community of fine people living and working together for a better tomorrow. They say a real Texan never

leaves Texas. Yet this city of ours has an intangible spirit which enables one to remain a true Brooklynite, even though he is forced to leave his home.

On June 12, 1946, Brooklyn celebrated its Tercentenary. In three hundred years, this great city has made tremendous progress and is still continuing to do so. Day by day it is becoming better and better. Who knows? Someday soon the six rows of eight stars in the American flag may be changed to seven rows of seven stars with the forty-ninth and brightest star of all representing Brooklyn, The All-American Town!

IRMA SHERWOOD '54

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## Barren Treasure

*My love does not whisper of wide fertile fields  
Nor rich sunlit arbors, nor laughter in Spring.  
My love does not offer what passion reveals  
When star-filled night be covering.*

*My love sings of sands that would drift round your feet.  
A lone stooping willow; winds from the sea.  
A heart giving trust just for yours to complete,  
A falling star to watch with me.*

CAROLYN CARDINALE '53

# Darchangel

"One day of the year 1559 at Salbresur-Sambre, when the father of Jeanne Fiery was returning from the tavern, he met his wife who had come out to seek him with her child in her arms, and being angry with her, he wished that the devil might take the child." So begins the written account of the notorious demoniac's confessions, a manuscript dating from 1584. The decayed and yellowing pages proceed to tell a tale seemingly preposterous to the modern mind. They treat of Jeanne's solemn pacts with the satanic spirits, contracts written in her blood, and subsequently swallowed by her; of the possessed girl's indescribable physical sufferings and mental anguish; of the flesh unnaturally cut from her body and later replaced.

Undoubtedly, some people would unhesitatingly classify such a document as a chilling horror story, well-suited to enhance the excitement of the family group around a winter fire, in much the same vein as they relegate the Biblical account of the creation to the realm of children's bedtime stories. Such things, we should expect.

However, what ought not to be expected is that the majority of practicing Catholics would likewise shake their heads and smile embarrassingly, fumbling for some logical rationalization of the Medieval Church's gullibility.

Father Bruno de Jesus-Marie, director of Etudes Carmelitaines at Paris, has acknowledged that this unexpected procedure is indeed an actuality. So

convinced of it, in fact, is Father Bruno, that he can declare with Henri Marron, "I am certain that among the Christians of our day, there are very few who believe really and effectively in the devil, for whom this article of faith is an active element of their religious life."

That is why Father Bruno undertook to edit a collection of essays dealing with the varied facets of the devil's personality and compiled in his volume entitled *Satan*.

Taking cognizance of twentieth century society, two things about it and its relation to Satan struck Father forcibly. Either man, in his extreme fascination for the occult, becomes absorbed in the mysterious and exaggerated aspects of demonology, or he, as the result of an equally intense attachment for the cult of the rational, grows entirely skeptical of the devil's existence. An important consequence flows inevitably from either of these points of view: the devil is abetted in his war against God for immortal souls. If, on the one hand, his power is exaggerated, or on the other, it is denied, he has a distinct advantage in that his activity is not recognized for what it is.

Knowledge dispels fear, knowledge is a sharp-edged weapon, Father Bruno is acquainted with these truisms. He hopes, by first stating the Church's teaching regarding Satan, then by explaining it, and finally by refuting its alleged incompatibility with recent psychoanalytic theory, to attract attention

to the forces of evil rampant today, and to that extent, mitigate their power. Actually it is the popularized conception of the horned and hideous monster that modern man finds so hard to swallow — and rightly so.

Revelation confirms the existence of Satan and his cohorts for the Scriptures abound with references to demoniac influence. The Church's stand on this question has been clearly defined since the days of the second century apologists. Christians, everywhere, down to the advent of materialism, have accepted it unreservedly. Contemporary man has a tendency to disparage anything not dissectible in a test-tube. There seems to be little room for a supernatural world of spiritual beings for they are not noted on the atomic chart.

But the devil can be explained in no other than spiritual terms for he is precisely a pure spirit, the prince of the angels. To be on guard against the nefarious work of our enemy, it is wise to have some conception of his power. This is only common sense. Starting from the premise that he is an angel, we can deduce his perfect and immediate knowledge which is a reflection of the knowledge of God.

To realize fully these glib statements in all their implications, we will have to know a little more about angels. These spirits (and they are legion) unlike man, are not individuals possessing a common essence, as we possess the form of man. Each angel is its own form. This truly is significant when we reason one step further to conclude that each angel therefore constitutes a species, that each is separated from the next higher angel by a gap equal to that which distinguishes the species man and animal, the gap that makes Joe Zilch dis-

tinct from a cocker spaniel. It is the number of possessed perfections that assigns places in this ladder-like hierarchy of the angelic kingdom, and standing on the top-most rung, indeed next to God, is *Lucifer!* Now, we have some idea of the magnificence of our opponent.

The question arises at once: how could such a being sin? Of the seven possible modes of sin, we can immediately exclude five as an angel lacking a body could not have been subject to lust, gluttony, etc. Envy presents a problem. But of whom could Satan have been envious? God? Yet, St. Thomas assures us that only a fool can be envious of what is so far above him as to be unattainable. And Satan was no fool!

To be conclusive, pride is of necessity, prior to envy. Satan's sin, moreover, was an unparalleled sin of pride, for he had no excuse: no passions to deter him, no error in judgment to confuse him. His punishment, it follows, must be equally extraordinary. But how could one harm a spirit? Fire has traditionally been considered hell's torment, and yet, it is inconceivable that fire could injure spirits in the physical manner known to us. Some theologians speculate that this fire serves to confine the fallen angels, a supreme humiliation for those deigned to be masters of the material world. The one suffering, universally accepted, is the tremendous despair that must overwhelm those spirits, who, in their perfect knowledge realize that they have unalterably deprived themselves of the end for which they were created.

A strange community, this society of devils united together in suffering by one bond, their embrace of evil and rejection of good. How difficult



to comprehend the hierarchy here! Father Bruno asserts that the supremacy in hell must be one of evil. Hence, Lucifer reigns as princeps in virtue of his being the most foul, the most loathsome. Still we glorify hell by speaking of it in this way. There can be no comradeship, no union in a place where the inhabitants are consumed with self-love. Pride signifies utter exclusion.

What is of prime concern, however, is how all this affects us. The answer is precisely what Father Bruno wants to make Christians conscious of. Satan introduced sin and evil into the world. By his part in Adam's original sin, he acted as a cause of man's perverted nature — he is responsible for death, sickness, and sin. But his activity did not cease in the Garden of Eden. Throughout the ages he has, and until the end of time he shall continue to exert his evil influence, tempting man, beguiling him, causing the false to appear true, the bad good, and in extreme cases, actually possessing the body of a specific individual for use as his medium.

God, however, has not left his creatures unprotected. The Council of Trent declared "that Christ became man in order to free us from the yoke of the devil." Sanctifying grace, bought dearly at the price of the Redeemer's blood is our refuge.

Indeed, we are not powerless before the adversary. "Satan can only disturb our sensible equipment (from the outside), he cannot invade that inner sanctuary of our spirit and will. He cannot know our secret thoughts and intentions unless disclosed by some movement of the brain or body. The imagination, the nerves, the glands, only these then can reflect his influence.

At the precise point where the soul and body are united, Satan wages his attack. Indirectly, he besieges the higher faculties by "provoking the imagination and disordered movements in the sensitive appetite." He can manipulate, then, the bodily mechanism at his will, but he cannot force the human will to accede.

Following from this, Msgr. F. M. Catherinet makes a provocative statement in Fr. Bruno's book. "If all this is correct, we shall have to infer with the theologians that all true diabolic possession is accompanied by mental and nervous troubles produced or amplified by the demon and yet having manifestations with symptoms which are practically and medically identical with those produced by neurosis." To what purpose then, the mutual recriminations and self-enforced isolation between theologian and psychiatrist. Msgr. searches in vain for an answer.

Father Bruno, on the other hand, does not intend to go off the deep end in ascribing all psychoses to the sinister workings of the devil. The Church readily concedes that 99% of the alleged cases of possession reported during the notorious 16th century period were most probably cases of hysteria or epilepsy, pure and simple. With hindsight, however, it is an easy matter to criticize the failings of any age by projecting one's own knowledge and attitudes back into that epoch. Therefore, Father offers defense for the much persecuted prelates of the Medieval Church.

Civilization in the 1500's pivoted on faith; the supernatural world was grasped as a reality; the sudden appearance of spirits or witches, devils and demons would have been more



understandable than an electric refrigerator. Miracle plays and romance ballads convinced high-born and low alike that a demon brought the plague, while an angel brought rain for parched and rotting crops. The wondrous events of witches' sabbaths, where evil women had incestuous relations with personified devils and pawned their souls for gifts of prophecy and miracles, grew and grew upon circulation even as the "over the back fence" gossip of today. Anti-feminism, fanned to a white heat by the writings of Jean le Meung and Rabelais, encouraged any gullible and pious man to discern the witch-like grimace or the awful stare in many unsuspecting females. Simply, then, mass suggestion was an inevitable growth in such fertilized ground.

Persecution of witches, moreover was not the exclusive property of the Catholic Church. Indeed, Melancthon and Luther once exclaimed over Rome's laxity in these matters, pointing with pride to their superior number of burnings at the stake. Finally, Charles V in his criminal code, the *Carolina*, accounted witchcraft a civil offense and prescribed in detail the rigorous punishments. It was the Church who preached leniency and caution, who begged at least for prior strangulation of the victims.

Even in more modern times, exorcists have been accused of hastening to advance supernatural causes for purely natural events. Father Bruno sees this as the logical result of the exorcist's familiarity with moral precepts. Faced with the vile language to and indignities heaped upon the Eucharist by young ladies, once models of virtuous living whose conservative education seems to preclude even knowledge of such things, these exorcists too readily

argue "vicious or virtuous, when they should pronounce them normal or abnormal." Hence, exorcists are chosen today with great care and foresight, they are impelled to doubt, urged to caution, and advised to seek psychiatric assistance.

The Church is more anxious in promulgating belief in the unsensational activity of the devil as tempter. She claims in regard to possession that such a phenomenon exists. For proof she cites the Gospel narratives wherein Christ clearly distinguishes between maladies strictly physical and those which Satan inspired. She elaborates that, consequently, witchcraft, witches' sabbaths, disturbances in material objects are possible.

Definitively, the Roman Ritual asserts three signs as proof positive that more than a disturbed subconscious is at fault in a specific case.

The first of these is elaborated and logical replies in language unknown to the victim or those present. Beware, insists the Ritual, if the addressed demon prefers the idioms of language of the possessed. The danger of thought-reading is ever present. Hence, the necessity that the reply be a product of thought and not "a picture, a fragment, or more or less coherent fragments of a picture, a number of visual or audible images whose meaning remains to be determined" — the products of clairvoyance.

Knowledge of distant or hidden facts, knowledge unnatural on the basis of the subject's education or experience, is advanced as a second criterion, while "action at a distance, or displacement of objects without apparent contact" is the third. Here again, we tread on dangerous ground, if we do not at once exclude the possibility of radaesthesia, the purely natu-

ral movement of distant objects by human radiation. Radaesthesia, however, is a highly developed technique. We cannot therefore posit it in the frequently unlettered and untrained subjects of possession without sufficient cause.

Science fails to find a natural cause for these phenomena. "We must turn perforce to a preternatural cause," claims Father Bruno, to a cause alien to the province of the scientist and discoverable only by the metaphysician and the theologian.

These indicators, however, appear to be fugitives from H. G. Wells' novels. We have no experience with bodies that writhe in fantastic postures, with features that resemble the hideous conception of the personified devil, with blasphemous tongues in innocent mouths, or with prophetic mediums and so we breathe a sigh of relief.

Lest he make us too complacent by his mitigation of actual possession, and thereby defeat his initial purpose, Father Bruno concludes by warning us that there lurks behind mass deceit and murder, their peculiar author, Satan.

Buried in a footnote, among the very last pages, he implants these stirring words to startle the apathetic and fainthearted: "As reported by Henry Price (1949), student of psychic problems under the aegis of London University, there are all over London, men and women of good social standing and excellent education, who worship the devil and regularly pay him homage." According to him, black magic, witchcraft, and the invocation of the devil — three forms of supposedly medieval superstition — are practiced today in London on a scale and with the license unknown in the Middle Ages.

Here in modern-day America, there is no way of knowing how much or how little devil-worship there is and it is really no concern of ours. Surely the number of those who partake of the strange and abnormal rituals of demonology must be small. However the majority of our people ought to regard it as a reality and a danger; a reality not to be frightened by or feared of since God still rules the world.

HELEN LANDE '54

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## TIME

*We listen to the clock tick  
And watch the hands move round,  
And yet we mortals never think  
That time is life's embrace.  
The second and the minute:  
Eternity is in it!*

PEGGY FANNING '55

# First Love

The memory of first love can never really be effaced. We look back on it with indulgent glance . . . yet when we lived it, oh how very, very serious it was!

Somehow, Spring is not a joyous season for me, for the memory of first love is still fresh in my mind.

I do not speak of "him" to anyone. What's the use, they would not understand or they would laugh at me . . . and, and somehow I just couldn't stand it!

And now, Spring has returned once again, and I return to the grave of my first love to water it with fresh tears. How much relief they would bring . . . if I knew he had sometimes shed a few!

It happened three years ago.

At eighteen, a girl feels she is no longer a child and is ready to taste life.

I was then, fresh out of high school, hunting for some sort of a job, preferably a little out of the ordinary.

As it happened, I found a truly exciting one, in an antique shop on Third Avenue. The thought of working amongst objets d'arts and meeting interesting customers, was enough to convince me to take it . . . even though the pay was minimal and the hours long.

Verrick Antique Shop was run by an elderly lady, a Miss Greene, who took care of the business while Mr. Verrick, the owner, was away.

Miss Greene never discussed her employer, but to say that he "traveled extensively for business purpose." I wondered about this unknown gentleman, this invisible owner for whom I was indirectly working.

Would I get to meet him?

He probably would be a corpulent, bald-headed quintagenarian!

Miss Greene found it preferable to say nothing about him, thus there was no way of finding out what sort of a person he was. I had been working for Verrick's Antiques a little over six months, and liking it all the more as time went by. It was far from being dull or monotonous—and indeed the clientele was most interesting!

Then, one sunshiny day in April, the little bells atop the front door, rang merrily, announcing a customer — or at first, that was what I took the gentleman to be. He was dressed elegantly in somber clothes, silk striped tie and Homberg hat . . . and had a definite foreign air about him. To me he seemed Slavic or Oriental.

There was something about him which struck me like thunder.

I had never seen anyone so fascinating before, except in the movies or in my imagination.

He took no notice of me, but asked briefly to see Miss Greene. She had been busy, in the back room, and recognizing the sound of his voice, came out swiftly to greet him.

"Oh, Mr. Verrick, sir, how nice to see you again. I did not expect you for sometime yet!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Verrick simply nodded and asked to speak with her privately.

I felt rather hurt by his snobbish, cold attitude.

He had returned to New York for sometime, Miss Greene informed me, and would stay for a few months. I was to get my instructions from her as usual, and Mr. Verrick would busy himself with other matters.

Somehow his presence in the shop made a great deal of difference. Even though he would come and go without acknowledging my "good-morning, sir" or "good-afternoon, Mr. Verrick." After awhile, I decided not to let that bother me — after all, I was only his employee!

He usually came in the afternoon, and vanished into his private room until evening.

Miss Greene had emphatically warned me not to speak to him unless asked to do so — and under no circumstance whatsoever was I to approach that private room of his, where he literally buried himself.

She need not have told me that — for Mr. Verrick was too fearsome and moody to even exchange a few words with his employee, I thought.

And so the weeks passed, and I went about my business from day to day, catching, from time to time, in a furtive glance, the passing shadowy figure of that strange, silent man.

One day quite unexpectedly, Miss Greene asked me if I could take her place, for a few weeks (since I had learned a good deal about the business). As it was, she explained, it was around this time each year that

she went on her vacation, provided someone was there to replace her . . . and, she added, Mr. Verrick, would be here if I needed him.

The thought of my taking over the business for a time, was most unexpected and thrilling, to say the least — but the thought of being alone with "that" man, made me somewhat uneasy!

Nevertheless, Miss Greene left — and I took her place — temporarily.

Things went well for a time. I did my best, without asking Mr. Verrick's advice for anything. But of course this could not last, I had to consult him. To my great surprise he was most gracious, though in a cold reserved manner. He offered to help me whenever I should need him.

Although I did not see him often, still, I was sharply aware of his magnetic presence. I could not explain, even to myself, exactly what I felt — except that I was anxious to return to work, each day, so as to be near him. He was so different, so attractive, so unlike the boys of my age whom I considered dull, childish and gauche. Yes, Sergei Verrick was different, just to be under the same roof with him was enough to thrill me beyond words. I knew nothing about this man, but that did not matter, it added to the mystery and the fascination which was so much part of him. All I knew of him was that he was a much traveled man — he had the Orient written all over him. Where he actually came from, I did not know. He certainly was not a quintagenarian, as I previously imagined, but a man in his late thirties with gray green eyes and shiny black hair. He had the grace of a tiger when he walked, and he smoked those long Russian cigarettes and on his left



hand he always wore a huge onyx ring set in an odd silver setting.

As time went by, Mr. Verrick, became less fearsome to me. I found him quite approachable, even though he was always very reserved. I found myself seeking his advice more often as a pretext to talk with him.

Yes, I was falling in love with him, and torturing myself all along because I could not even hope of having these vain affections returned, we had nothing in common, and to him I was only a girl working for him, and nothing else.

In spite of everything, I thought, nothing can prevent me from loving you, Sergei, not even you, since I ask nothing in return, just to be near you. To see you and hear your dear voice, that is all I ask.

It was my secret. No one would know.

Oh delightful, wonderful secret! Yet how I longed to share it with "him"!

One evening, it began to rain quite hard, and, since I was unprepared, there was a possibility of my being soaked to the very marrow. But a most amazing thing happened!

Mr. Verrick quite unexpectedly offered to drive me home! Even though "home" meant all the way to Bay Ridge, this did not disconcert him.

I accepted, quite dazed by what was happening, and within, my heart was jumping, jumping, jumping with joy.

But this was not all! Since the ride was quite long, he suggested that I have dinner with him, on the way.

If ever there was a time when I had a taste of Paradise, it was then — that rainy evening in April — those few intimate hours with him I cherish

to this day. Had I had any doubt as to my feelings for him, this doubt disappeared when I got home — with an inkling of hope in my heart!

Yet he remained the same, perhaps more friendly, but that was all. His whole attitude was discouraging and impersonal. I was unhappy to leave him, at the end of the day, going in that crowded noisy subway . . . and home to routine questions, routine answers. I longed to speak of my love, to speak of him to someone who would sympathize. But there was no one, no one who would take it seriously, and I did not want to hear that it was an "infatuation" a "passing thing" . . . because it was not that at all, it was love — my first real love.

But there were times when Sergei would come and talk awhile with me, when the shop was empty. He would tell me about these antiques he sold . . . where he had purchased them. He would speak of some of the places he had seen, and the fascinating people who lived in those far away places.

He loved to talk about his travels, and I loved to listen to him.

Sergei had a great love for beautiful things, he admired art . . . he had made it his life . . . the pursuit of beauty.

Would he have loved me had I been one of these porcelain figurines? Would I then have seen a smile of pleasure on his lips? and his eyes sparkle? and hear him say "you are mine, I love you!"

If that had been the case, I would gladly have been a porcelain figurine!

"These antiques that you see here, Eliane, are not what I value most." explained Mr. Verrick, "I do not sell those I treasure. In my private room,



I have a special collection which I guard most jealously. Very few people have entered that room, and I would like to show it to you, Eliane, since I know you are responsive to beautiful things. Come!"

It was just like him not to expect refusal at any of his commands. As it was I had no desire to go to that room, even though I well imagined that it would be filled with the most breath-taking objects. I was afraid, afraid of his self-assurance and more so of my own weakness.

He laughed mockingly at my meager excuse, and assured me that he would "leave the door open" that there was nothing for me to fear. His chiding laughter was so disarming, what was there to do? I wanted least of all to seem childish and naive before his eyes, surely to refuse would confirm all that.

I followed him, my knees trembling violently, my heart beating so fast . . . and I remembered the imperative voice of Miss Greene warning me not to go near that door!

He went ahead of me and slowly opened the door . . . before it hanged a heavy scarlet drapery . . . with his long slender hand, he pushed it aside and made a sign to enter.

As if pushed by invisible hands, I found myself in "that" room. It was no ordinary room, indeed! It was a room from the Arabian Nights. Everything in it was oriental. How well he fitted in that milieu! He smiled with pleasure seeing my uncontrolled open-mouthed amazement!

The room was saturated with the odor of burning incense which fumed from a bronze grotesque jar. There was a Chinese gong made of brass.

Chinese porcelain dogs with fierce devilish eyes; a huge screen with dragons on it; low couches covered with silken cushions; colorful Turkish rugs on the floor and on the walls; small, delicately carved coffee tables; a copper nargileh; numerous tropical plants; a shiny curved sword, on the wall, statues of Buddhas and other fantastic idols. That room was alive, alive with the spirit of the East — some of its unmatchable exoticism had been captured and brought to blossom here in this very room! My eyes were floating from one object to another . . . I was stunned, bewildered by all that beauty seen all at once.

When, a short time later, I found myself outside . . . on the street . . . I expected to see a crowded tortuous street, with people dressed in long flowing garments . . . and houses with jutting turrets, wooden balconies, wrought-iron doors. But no! it was only Third Avenue, and the people were dressed in western clothes, and the houses had no jutting turrets, no wooden balconies, but dingy gray, fire escapes!

To me Sergei was like an Eastern prince, a Pasha, a Sultan, if you will, and I — well, I was a princess, but more likely his slave-girl!

Sergei invited me to come to his room, at the end of the day. He would prepare Turkish coffee and offer me some Alvah, which he kept in a silver box.

So it became a habit, my having coffee with him before going home. And I looked forward to it, watching the clock all day long, till six o'clock, which seemed like a hundred by the time it came! and then, I would knock on his door and he would open. Sometimes, he would dress himself in a

Hindu tunic, which would make him look all the more like the Prince he seemed to be!

But all this had to end sometime.

One evening, as I sat on the low couch . . . Sergei sat beside me and said Miss Greene was returning, and that he would have to depart soon after.

Somehow, I had not thought of Miss Greene's return . . . and even less of his leaving, I had lived in that dream world for these few wonderful weeks, and nothing had mattered but my being with him. And now Miss Greene was returning . . . this meant no more intimate *tete a tete*, no more . . . no more. . . . And Sergei was leaving . . . leaving without even knowing how much I loved him!

Uncontrollable tears rose to my eyes. I could say nothing, everything was ending all at once and hope vanished into thin air. All the emotions I had to suppress till now, burst forth in a torrent of tears.

Sergei watched me helplessly, not understanding. Or did he understand? Had he been trying very hard to ignore my love for him? Did he suspect how much I craved for one small sign of affection in return?

"Eliane, what is the matter? What have I said to make you cry so?"

Sergei was bending over me. I had buried my face in the silken cushions which were wet with my tears. He stroked my hair, and bade me to stop. His voice was so gentle and soothing it added all the more to my despair. But he seemed to know the reason for my tears for he said:

"Try to understand, Eliane, I must go. I never stay put, for long, you know that. You will forget me, wait

and see. I am not good for you, Eliane. You know nothing about me."

"Oh please, please," I cried, "I do not care what you are or where you came from — all I know is that I love you, Sergei, I love you, I love you."

Now he knew! Now he knew what I longed to say for so many long weeks. He could laugh and mock me. I did not care any more . . . nothing mattered any more. But he did not laugh nor did he mock me. I shall never forget his gentle touch as he kissed my tear-stained face, and pressed my head to his heart.

"Eliane, dear little one, you are so young and so sincere, also very innocent and naive. Be careful of old men like me. . . . If I did not care so much for you Eliane I . . ."

But he said nothing else. He looked so lost then . . . but it was no use . . . there was nothing more for me to say . . . yet there was so much I wanted to say . . . now, no word came.

Miss Greene returned.

Sergei Verrick left.

I no longer work for Verrick's Antiques, and, if I can help it I never go down Third Avenue.

But, I cannot help the return of Spring, and I cannot help the memories it brings.

I cannot help it perhaps because I do not try hard enough to forget him.

Perhaps, I would not have been really happy with him.

Perhaps, I just had a wonderful, wonderful dream . . . and I wonder if I did not imagine it all?

But there is always Third Avenue . . .

an antique shop . . .

and, the return of Spring . . .!

CLAUDE JORDAN '53

# Venture

*The stars were silent,  
Frozen in their spheres.  
Patient I lay,  
Awaiting the soft,  
Far-away sound I loved.*

*It came:  
Into the night,  
From an ink-black sea,  
Stole the faint, lonely cry  
Of a steamer  
Bound for another land.  
Its wail was all I heard.*

*Not the gay laugh  
Of mink-wrapped ladies,  
Nor the sigh  
Of lovers by the rail,  
Nor the swish  
Of salty foam  
Caressing the ship's cold stern.*

*Only that distant moan  
Summoned an aching heart  
From miles away.  
Again it spoke,  
This time not to me,  
But to Freedom,  
Space,  
Eternity.*

*I was forgotten,  
A lonely captive soul  
Longing to leave her bed  
And rush to the open,  
Throbbing, vibrant heart  
Of Adventure's deck.*

MARY DUCA '53

# Women - - The First Physicians

" . . . I see no cause for keeping them from a study for which, by nature, they are so well fitted. Do we not tend the sick in our homes, and care for the children. . . ."

These were the words of Elizabeth Blackwell, who was making every attempt to gain entrance to a Philadelphia medical school during the early 1840's.

Somewhat in accord with the modern, unheard of (for the mid-19th century) ideas of Miss Blackwell, are those of Ashley Montagu. Mr. Montagu, Professor of Anthropology at Rutgers University, has recently spoken out in favor of a new concept, far in advance of women's equality. Professor Montagu believes in women's superiority — women's natural superiority! He holds that too much emphasis has been placed on intellectual abilities and while women are, most likely, equal in these (they are just now being given opportunities to prove it) they are far superior in the qualities of humanity. With these qualities of humanity they can teach men to love their fellow-men. If only given the chance, women can help to produce a world, free to a great extent, of the hatreds and conflicts which men have thus far managed to create so well.

These qualities of humanity, which Professor Montagu believes women possess to such a high degree, are valuable attributes to be found in a physician. Of course this could not mean that each and every woman would have the makings of a fine physician. On the other hand, it would be impossible to say that the absence of these

womanly traits prevents one from making a success in the medical profession. However, it is a step forward in proving a medical career natural for women.

We may look down on the Science of the Middle Ages, as a mass of gross superstitions and faint glimmerings of truth. But in a few ways, they were more modern than we. Though they may have had no important titles, women doctors were as important to the Middle Ages as women nurses are to our own time.

The Church, which was one of the most powerful institutions of the Middle Ages, looked with favor upon medical women. One of the important aims of Christianity was to raise the standards of women and such a wondrous study as medicine was sure to be an aid in lifting their ideals.

Jerome, a great Doctor of the Church has recorded the works of Fabiola, a Christian woman, who was a fine surgeon as well as a nurse. There were many such women in early Rome, but after the Barbarian invasions, education came to a temporary halt. Early culture was preserved only through the monasteries.

In the year 525 A.D. the work of Bridget, a nun of Ireland, was very notable. She not only cared for the sick herself, but she trained other women in the medical field. Scholastica, the sister of Benedict, did work in Italy comparable to that of Bridget's. Queens of Germany, France and Constantinople were among some of the great women who aided in this work. They helped in opening hospitals

where women practised medicine and were trained as nurses. The University of Salerno was the highest ranking medical school of its time. Two of the most outstanding members of the faculty were women. Mercuriade was a specialist in surgery, Trotula was said to have been better than most men doctors. The latter was the more famous of the two. Trotula taught, carried on an extensive practice, and was the author of many great books. Some of her books on gynecology were still used as textbooks hundreds of years after she had written them. These women were only two of many. Medical historians still point to the "Women of Salerno" as some of the finest doctors of all time.

The position of women was greatly jolted with the coming of the Renaissance period. Women were put into the homes and from there on told that that was their "place." By the end of the 18th century, women were delicate, fragile creatures who knew only how to sing, to tat and to swoon. These daintily starched modern women would especially swoon at the mention or sight of anything quite so harsh as blood.

In the middle of the 19th century, after five centuries of being "in the home," women began to rebel and demand equal rights! In England and America there was no thought of a woman ever becoming a doctor. Thus Elizabeth Blackwell's unprecedented actions in seeking entrance to a medical school, came as a shock to the nation. Everyone ridiculed Miss Blackwell for her folly and even her friends who knew of her abilities tried to dissuade her. But Elizabeth Blackwell did not give up. She took private lessons and applied to all the medical schools in the country. The best schools at that time were to be found in Philadelphia.

And to these she applied first. As each of these rejected her she tried the smaller institutions. A friend had suggested that a small school seeking publicity for itself might accept a female student. Elizabeth realized the possibility of this and prayed that no school would play such a trick on her.

However, it was through a practical joke that Elizabeth Blackwell was finally admitted to a medical school. The faculty of Geneva Medical College, an obscure school in Geneva, New York, found it difficult to refuse the noted physicians who had recommended her. They therefore decided to leave the decision to the student body, certain that they would deny her request. The young men of the college, though, regarded the situation as a joke and voted unanimously to accept her, never expecting her to actually enter.

As do all pioneers, Elizabeth had many difficulties with which to contend. Students and professors alike teased and taunted her. They took advantage of every opportunity to embarrass her. Elizabeth ignored the taunts as well as she was able. She loved her work and therefore did it well. It was not too long before she had won the respect and admiration of her tormentors.

In the summer of 1849, Elizabeth Blackwell became the first woman of modern times to graduate as a medical doctor. But the battle was far from won. Though she had earned her degree, patients and even her fellow-doctors regarded her with suspicion. Little by little she gained the confidence and respect of the people of New York, where she had set up her practice.

In spite of the excellent record she had left behind her at Geneva, her younger sister Emily, was refused ad-



mittance to the school. This made Elizabeth realize the necessity for a school and hospital where young women might be trained as physicians. Thus in 1857 the New York Infirmary for Women and Children was founded by Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell. The entire staff consisted of the two Blackwell sisters and Marie Zakrzewska M.D., who had travelled all the way from Germany to prepare for the profession she loved. She had studied English and received fundamental training from Elizabeth. Marie learned very rapidly and was soon a graduate of the same Cleveland medical school which Emily Blackwell had attended.

There is little doubt that the women in white of the 1940's and 1950's have come a long way from those of the 1840's and 1850's, however to a great extent, the little prejudices and discriminations still persist. One popular attitude is, "Why waste time training women when they're just going to get married and have children?" First of all, it is true that many women doctors marry and raise families today, but it is also true that the majority of them go right on practising. This attitude leads to such statistical data as one professor released. He stated that fifty per cent of the women students in his class dropped out in order to get married. Of course the fact that the fifty per cent amounted to one whole student was too minute a detail for him to mention.

Secondly, the minority who do give up their professions to settle down, could not be better equipped for family life. A mother who is home all day and can possibly prevent illnesses, in her own or a neighbor's home, by catching them in the first stages, is certainly a valuable asset to her community.

The fact is that *many* women are now successfully combining careers with marriage, whether they be doctors, singers, lawyers, secretaries or even soldiers. It is just one more point that Professor Montagu might have used in proving women's natural superiority.

The divisions of the profession in which women have been most successful, are obstetrics, psychiatry, pediatrics and internal medicine. The hardest division for them to enter is surgery. In 1947, of the 3,276 doctors certified by the American Board of Surgery, only four were women.

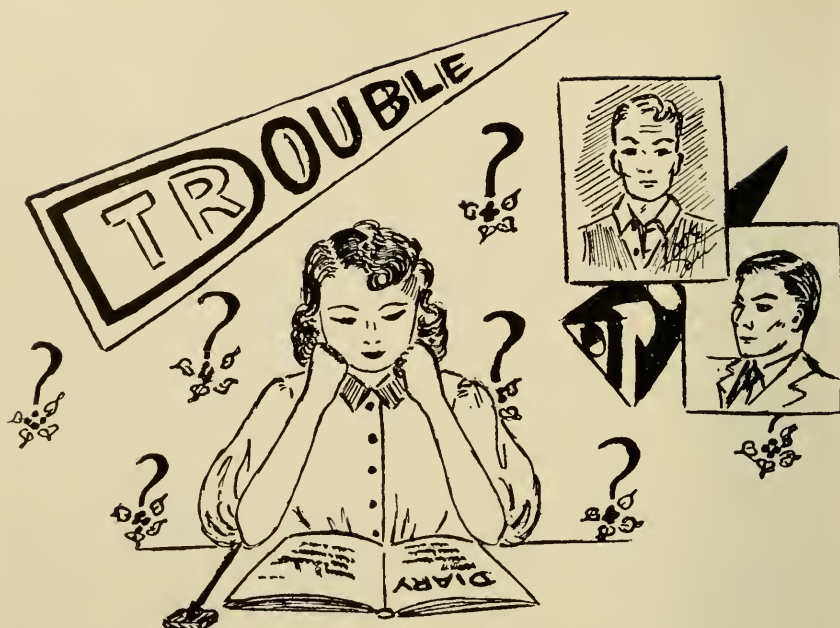
Two world wars have aided greatly in proving the capabilities of women M.D.'s. Men who had previously felt that women doctors were all right for women and children soon discovered just how efficient they were. Under the stress and strain of war time conditions, these women proved themselves equal to the task.

When war hit America in 1941, there were approximately 3,000 women physicians in the country. More and more young women began to pursue the study of medicine and by 1948 there were 2,159 women or 91½% of the medical student body, enrolled in seventy-seven medical schools.

In the fifteen year period from 1932 to 1947, the annual award for the student best qualified in medicine has six times been won by a woman. In 1948, Dr. Leslie Kent was elected president of a state medical society.

These wonderful records are helping to prove how natural women are to the field. And it is no wonder, because, after all, as the great Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell said, "Women were the first physicians. . ."

IRMA SHERWOOD '54



On a Monday afternoon, two weeks before the dance, Margo locked herself in her room and started to concentrate on the matter at hand. She had three hours in which to make up her mind. Who would think that having to choose between two men was a problem? For a half hour she tried to decide on a fool-proof method that would leave the choice up to chance. At first, she was going to throw darts at their pictures and go with the one with the most direct hits, but she couldn't find any darts. Besides, she only had one picture of each of them. Then she thought of pulling a name out of a hat, but that didn't seem fair — with only two names to pick from. Before long she decided that it would never do to leave everything to pure luck. She took out her diary, lay down on the bed, and began to think back over the past year.

It was right after the summer vacation that she had met Al. There had been a dance at school and a number of fellows had come over from Mayfair, their "brother" college. This was nothing new; in fact, it was expected. For the last ten years Mercy College had been holding bi-monthly socials, and for the same length of time, Mayfair Institute of Engineering had been supplying the ever-popular social ingredient, the male animal. It had all boiled down to an agreement that had been made by the respective deans just about a decade ago. Needless to say, it was an alliance which was strongly supported by both student bodies who were otherwise shut off from the outside world for eight months of every year.

Al had been one of the Mayfair men who was paying his first visit to a Mercy social. He had held out for

three years and probably would have made a new record for absenteeism if he hadn't lost a bet to a fraternity brother who had qualms about going to dances alone.

The two of them had met quite accidentally. Al had reached out to tap his buddy on the shoulder, but he missed, and touched Margo instead. She had turned around, smiled at him, and answered, "Why, I'd love to," almost before he realized what he had done. The band was playing a soft, slow tune and they drifted out onto the floor without saying a word.

After three dances together, Margo was glad that Al was not a good gambler, and he was very thankful that he had missed his friend's arm. They liked each other from the start and it was not at all unusual that they decided to see more of each other.

As week of steady-dating slipped into months of constant companionship, Margo realized more and more that this Mayfair man was as interesting, as intelligent, and as attractive a college man as she had ever hoped to meet. The only drawback was that Al was one of the same opinion. She guessed that it really was not his fault that he liked himself ratherwell — he was probably spoiled when he was a baby.

They went to basketball games, and hockey games, to jazz concerts, and to western movies. Al thought that Margo would like all these things, and she did too, after a while. She began to accustom herself to a new way of social living, and it proved itself rather enjoyable. All of Al's friends were full of the joy of living and they advanced at a dizzying pace from one new thing to another until they had exhausted all available activities. They were always looking for new things

to do and see, and their constant search for something different was what Margo grew to love the most. She seemed to catch their spirit of adventure and wanderlust, and to acquire their taste for the exotic.

The romance lasted through the winter and was still blossoming in the spring. People began to speculate on the future of these two; some were even planning on a June wedding. But fate seemed to have something else in mind.

Margo had entered the annual inter-collegiate tennis tournament and, in the weeks before the final matches, she found herself occupied more and more with long practice sessions. Al held a rather scornful opinion about female athletes and he had made no attempt to conceal his utter disgust for her extra-curricular "madness." He found it increasingly difficult to control his temper on Saturday nights when Margo insisted on going home early so that she would get plenty of rest. When the strained relations between them became almost unbearable, about a fortnight before the big game, they decided by mutual consent to stop seeing each other for the duration of the tennis season.

It was warm and sunny on the day of the championship match and Margo was nervous with anticipation. She had beaten all her opponents up till then, and it was time to play for the silver cup. All of Mercy College had come out to the courts that day and they were rooting hard for their favorite. She didn't fail them. It took her five sets, but she won the cup.

The excitement and noise made her dizzy, but she did not become too disconcerted or too overwhelmed by her victory to thoroughly appreciate all the events that followed. After she

had accepted the congratulations of everyone who could get close enough to shake her hand or slap her on the back, she stepped up to the judges stand to receive her trophy. There was a very nice surprise waiting for her. He was Bob Sheppard, North Atlantic amateur singles champion, and he had come to award her the silver cup. The trophy was beautiful and shiny; but Bob looked even better.

When the ceremonies were over, the dean had asked Margo to show Bob around the campus, and she had only been too glad to oblige. Their tour had been long and very pleasant, yet they barely saw half the school. They had started to talk about tennis but it was not long before their conversation was including everything from dance bands to favorite desserts.

Back at the administration building, Bob had asked her to have dinner with him. It was just what she had been hoping for, but the dean had other ideas. The girls were supposed to eat in on all week-days, and even a tennis champion couldn't change the rules. That had been made very clear.

Everything looked rather dreary until Bob asked her to transfer the date to the next Saturday night. Margo had thought it was too good to be true, and she was not disappointed. Her memory, which could compete with any elephant's, had come surging to life. Saturday was the day she and Al were going to renew their joint activities and she knew it would never do to bring Bob along for dinner. She had expressed her deepest regrets and he had reciprocated. They had parted friends — but dateless ones.

For the next week or so, events began to conform to their old familiar pattern. Margo and Al had resumed their night-life, and campus gossips

had resumed their diversified speculations. Since it was Spring they expected "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but they had made plans for the wrong young man.

Although Margo had succeeded in tucking Bob away among her fond but fruitless memories, it seems that he had had a considerably harder time of forgetting. His resistance had managed to hold out for nine full days and then it had collapsed completely.

They had their delayed dinner over candle light on a Sunday evening, and they liked it so much that they decided to do it again. And again. For Margo, Bob had been an almost refreshing change. He was older than she was; older than Al too. She found herself intrigued by his self-composure,, his reserved manner, his consideration for her wishes. When she went out with Al, she was always on her own. Although they had always traveled in a crowd, she had grown independent and self-sufficient. She had to, if she were to enjoy herself in the wild atmosphere of "everyman for himself."

The going was rough, but Margo did her best to toss a difficult situation off lightly. "To tell the truth, Al, I am going with a mystery man. Can't tell you who he is though; he made me promise not to. I'll tell you about it later though, okay?"

With Bob everything was different; they went out alone to concerts, shows, ball-games, or movies; the choice was left up to her. Everything was always so relaxing and enjoyable. Margo took advantage of these dates to recover from her whirlwinds with Al, and to reestablish her femininity. Bob always seemed to know the right thing to do and he always took command of every situation. He was a luxury to be en-



joyed a little at a time; you appreciated him more that way.

Both of the boys had come to Mercy every week, but they never knew about each other's visits. Margo saw to that. It would never have done to have them meet each other. Two such obviously different personalities would have come together like immovable forces, and the results would have been disastrous. As it was, everybody was happy and contented — until the prom loomed into the picture.

Margo closed the diary and looked at the clock. There were only ten minutes left for her to make up her mind. Ten minutes wasn't much time, but if she looked at the problem objectively and logically, maybe she could reach a decision.

She thought ahead now, to the dance, and tried to picture herself there with Al. They would be in the midst of all their old friends, telling jokes and exchanging meaningless chatter. None of them would dance much; the fellows found it rather unpleasant to keep interrupting conversations just to "shuffle around" for a few moments. It would probably be very much like every other dance she had gone to with Al, but she wanted something different this time.

Bob would make her feel very special that night; she was sure of that. He would tell her how pretty she looked; he would bring her beautiful flowers and he would dance to all her favorite tunes. It wasn't that he would ever make her feel self-conscious, but he would realize that she was there at her Senior Prom, and he would do all he could to make sure that she would always remember it.

And so she made her decision. That night she went downstairs to the lounge and waited for her men to call.

Al phoned first, and Margo found the situation much harder than she had ever expected. He talked about his usual nothing for awhile and then suddenly asked, "When are you going to ask me to that Prom of yours? Most of the boys received their invitations weeks ago. Holding out, huh?"

It took Margo a few seconds to recuperate. "No, it's not that. You know I would love to go with you, but—."

"But what? Al was getting impatient. "Don't tell me you have to play tennis that night."

"No, of course not."

His reply was very blunt. "Don't tell me you've asked someone else? How could you?"

Before Al had a chance to do something he would regret later on, she hung up. It certainly hadn't been easy, and now that it was over, she felt sort of mean inside. She knew that he would never understand her reason; he thought he was irresistible.

Bob called late that night and Margo was worried about him. But the sound of his voice on the other end of the wire made her feel good again.

"Margo, honey, I have something to tell you."

"Not until I ask you something. Bob, how would you like to escort me to the Senior Promenade two weeks from tomorrow evening at nine P.M.?"

There was a moment of silence and then came the answer. "That's what I called about, I had heard about the dance and I figured that you might ask me to go. I wanted to get you before it was too late."

"Oh, it's not too late yet. I told you it wasn't for two weeks."



Bob's voice sounded very solemn. "This is hard for me to say, Margo, but I'd feel like a heel if I didn't tell you. Remember that girl that I used to be engaged to? the one I told you about?"

Margo remembered.

"Well, we have been seeing each other quite a bit lately and, well, we have decided to try our luck again. It probably sounds awful funny to you, but it was just one of those things. You don't realize what's going to happen until it does."

Four years of formal education had taught Margo restraint. Now was the one time she was mighty glad of it. "I think I understand Bob, I'm awfully glad you told me. It makes me feel better. And don't worry about the Prom; I'll find someone."

"That's the least of your worries, Margo. You shouldn't have any trouble at all, and Margo, I'm very sorry that this had to happen this way. Nobody planned it, it just planned itself, I guess."

"Sure, Bob, it is not your fault, I understand. I think. I hope everything works out all right."

His voice sounded suddenly relieved. "I hope so too, and thanks a lot for not getting angry. Have a nice time at your prom, huh?"

"I will, Bob. Good-bye."

She put the receiver back on the hook and sank into a chair. That was the only thing she could do, except to cry. She didn't want to, but the tears welled up and pushed their way through her tightly closed lids. They were streaking her makeup, but she didn't care. She had nothing to get dressed up for anymore. How silly it was for her to worry over which one

boy she would go with. All it got her was two broken friendships.

The halls were empty and dark and Margo started up to her room where she could be alone with her misery. She had reached the top of the stairs when the doorbell rang. No one else was around to answer it so she went back downstairs.

It was dark outside and she couldn't see who was standing on the porch. "Who is it?", she asked.

"Is that you Margo? I came over to convince you that I am a better date than your mystery man."

She couldn't believe her ears. This only happened in stories.

"Al, you frightened me!" she gasped. "I — I mean you startled me!"

Al stepped into the large hall and put his hands on her shoulders. "I guess you didn't expect me to come. Especially tonight."

For once in her life, Margo was completely dumbfounded. She was so glad to see him that she couldn't find anything to say. But she had to say something; she had a lot of explaining to do.

"No, I didn't, Al. But I'm glad you came. There's something I have to tell you."

"Not now, Margo. You can explain it all to me tomorrow night if you want. I thought maybe we could go for a ride to Delton and take in a movie."

"I'd love to go. But I still think you ought to listen to my story before you make any dates."

All at once, Al's tender side, the one that he had managed to keep such a secret, shone through. He took Margo into his arms and whispered, "There

are a lot of things that I know about you and your friends that you never dreamed I'd find out. But they don't make any difference to me. I came here tonight to convince you that I was a better man, even if I can't play tennis."

Margo couldn't hold the tears back any longer. They found their way down her cheeks and onto the shoulder of Al's plaid shirt.

"Before you drown me, why don't

you ask me to that Prom of yours and let me get back to school before curfew." He was teasing her but she didn't mind at all. She choked back her sobs and tried to smile.

"It seems as though you've convinced me. There's nothing for me to do but accept your proposal." Nothing sounded the way she wanted it but it really didn't matter. Al was kissing her good-night.

MARY BRENNAN '54

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*Lord God above,  
Love me.  
Christ, sweet and kind,  
Love me.  
Mary, gentle mother,  
Love me.  
Joseph, father firm,  
Love me.  
I can bear all ill  
If You will  
But  
Love me.*

MARTHA PERROTTA '52

# Chemistry and the Rainbow

What color Easter suit did you choose this year? Was it a bright colored red one, or a fashionable navy blue? Perhaps, you preferred tan or beige? Whatever color you chose, no doubt you expressed your personality. The man of today can express himself as colorfully as he chooses in his ties, shirts, suspenders and socks. There are no restrictions to the color one may wear except those of personal taste. This, however, was not always true.

Although the dyeing industry is one of venerable antiquity, it has been only within the last half or three-quarters of a century that color in costume was capable of a wide range of choice by everybody in general.

The reasons why people first began to dye their clothes are unknown. Some philosophers believe that a desire to beautify one's clothing in order to appear well dressed before members of the opposite sex had something to do with the origin of the practice. Others think that human beings were prompted to dye their clothes because of their admiration for the colored ornamentation displayed on all sides by nature. The so-called Rank theory was advanced by Herbert Spencer whereby he attributed the origin of dyeing and of the use of fancy and distinctive costumes to a desire on the part of the human race to indicate its rank. Thus in the early days when the skins of animals were the chief raw materials for making clothing, the chiefs of various prehistoric tribes

killed game and secured the finest skins for wearing apparel. However, the rest of the members of the tribe could not hunt as much and thus did not possess many colored animal skins.

In a somewhat similar way, expensive dyes could not be afforded by any but the wealthiest, and thus color came to be an indication of rank. Royal purple, for example, was royal because it was expensive. Anyone wearing this color was economically superior. By edict, Emperor Diocletian in 301 A.D. fixed the price of wool, well-dyed with Tyrian purple, at the equivalent of \$350 in gold per pound. Somber clothes marked the proletariat. The color line was drawn in the social strata more on the basis of the color of the clothes than on the color of the skin. The drab color of the mob matched the drabness of its mind, for it was always reminded of its economic inferiority by the presence of a few in bright colors.

An interesting fact of historical significance showing the practice of staining the body with a dye is given by Julius Caesar in his description of the inhabitants of Britain at the time of his second invasion of the islands in 54 B.C. In his *Commentaries* he states: "Most of the inhabitants of the interior do not sow corn, but live upon milk and flesh and are clad in skins. All Britons in fact dye themselves with woad, which produces a blue color, and they are therefore more horrible in appearance in battle."

We also know that the American Indians daubed themselves with color before engaging in a military venture. Fabrics found in the tombs of the Egyptians proved that those who dyed them must have been expert in application of dyes.

Until the middle of the last century, men were dependent for all dyes with which they colored their bodies or their garments on coloring matters which were chiefly of animal and vegetable origin. The costliest of all dyes was Tyrian purple obtained from a shell-fish on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Browning in his "Popularity" has this to say:

*"Who has not heard how Tyrian shells  
Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes  
Whereof one drop worked miracles,  
And coloured like Astrate's eyes  
Raw silk the merchant sells?"*

Indigo, one of the oldest dyes of which there exists any historical record, is perhaps the most important of the natural dyes. Mummy draperies 4,000 years old which are believed to have been dyed with indigo are still in existence.

However, the natural dyes were exceedingly expensive. Thus, during the early part of the nineteenth century, various lines of research were undertaken to produce synthetic dyes which would be cheap enough to be within reach of all. The natural dyes were mostly of a pronounced, even crude color, but the product of the chemists are of an almost infinite variety, inexpensive, and far outrivalling the natural dyes in range of color and delicacy of tone. Thus, they have replaced the natural dyes. Now, a self-supporting salesgirl in a department store is as

brilliantly clothed as any of the store's buyers. The mob no longer knows its place in the scale of humanity as it did in former times.

The success of the synthetic dyes would never have been possible had it not been for the fact that cheap raw materials were found in the products dervied from the distillation of coal-tar. In the beginning of the dye industry in America, there was a feeling of prejudice against our dyes because some of the first coal-tar dyes were extremely fugitive to light, others were not fast in washing. This was corrected by chemists in succeeding years. Today, the United States manufactures ninety percent of the dyes, which we use, the remaining ten percent is imported. Chemists are still researching in order to improve the fastness of the dyes.

On first thought, dyes might be considered among the least important things in life. Their use is almost exclusively limited to adornment. They have no protective value for the materials in which they are used, in fact, they are often slightly deteriorious. However, the dye industry is a national asset of value to all of us. For the dyes are the industrial keystone of the whole arch of synthetic products from coal. Without the dye industry we should have neither the experience nor the industrial plants to produce the modern explosives or the modern medicines. Defense and health alike depend on products of coal-tar synthesis. To keep abreast of chemical progress we must search and research in the field of coal-tar technology. This field has spread out and ramified tremendously. In the field of dyes alone the colors have become carefully specialized.

Today, how many of us, while walking down Fifth Avenue, are not attracted by the displays of highly colored and lustrous textile material in the windows of the department stores? Who has not, though in a hurry, stopped to admire the latest fashions which always appear to rival those of previous years in color and attractive-

ness? How many realize that if it were not for the development of the science of Chemistry and its many applications, these same windows would either be empty or filled with lusterless and dull fabrics? The next time you go shopping and choose a bright yellow or a pale blue dress, say a quiet thank you to our color and textile chemists!

ROSEMARY MARRON '53



## *English and Math Majors*

If only I knew when it all began! I can't remember any time in history when this feud started, yet there are marked characteristics which must have originated some time! It is taking place in this College today and even now as you are reading, there are girls bickering and arguing.

This feud is familiar to everyone. It is the slide rule against iambic pentameter, a theorem against a sonnet, Euclid against Shakespeare.

By merely listening to a conversation, you can recognize the struggle.

"Do you know so-and-so is a Math major?"

"She is?" "She doesn't look like one, and she can speak English pretty well, too!"

"Yes, and I've even seen her smile a few times."

Locker room scenes of this type are also familiar:

"Hello, Math major. Discover any nice theorems today, or were you oiling your slide rule for that hour quiz?"

"No, I was down in the nursery watching the — what do they call them again? — Oh, yes, the children!"

Lunch hour has been the time of many heated arguments. A love story has been told by an English major. All those around are immediately impressed with its beauty and sadness. This mood is abruptly ended with the comment:

"I wonder why that bridge collapsed, it was probably poorly constructed. What they needed was a good, responsible engineer!"

To an English major a maple leaf is another expression of nature, while a Math major is immediately impressed with the discovery of the Fibonacci series!

It seems remarkable, but they differ even to the point of disliking certain



food! Meat is the essential part of any diet, yet English majors have an affinity for a type which Math majors will not take. What is this food? It is the well known baloney. Mathematicians not only dislike it, but will not tolerate it. A classroom situation will clarify this for you.

Teacher: "What do you think of the play you read?"

English Major: "It was very good. The involved plot with its many characters added not only to the content, but also to the style. A study could be made of each character in relation to the others and to the setting of the play. I was especially impressed with Anna. In her you could feel the whole mood of the author. Many of her lines were portrayals of the philosophy of the author. This play could be dramatized without much difficulty. It should become very popular."

Math major: "I enjoyed it very much."

While we are still in this classroom situation, let us note the attitude of these two girls to different situation. The day is cheerful and bright. The sun is streaming through the open window and (I would like to merely state: the sun is shining, but since this is a literary magazine, you will have to bear with me while I try to express myself), as we notice the two girls, we see that it is shining directly on them. The thoughts of each again point out the characteristic difference.

English major: "Isn't the sun beautiful? Its warmth is so invigorating!

If only I could write a poem to express this wonderment!"

Math major: "Boy, is it hot! I wish someone would pull down the shade."

As we know, but hate to admit, we all doodle. Teachers must realize that it is not because a class is boring but many of us can concentrate better if we doodle. This is true for both Math majors and English majors. The former always seem more orderly. Their figures are symmetrical and consist mainly of pseudo-spheres, artistic designs involving geometric figures, and occasionally, one will find a flower on the corner of a page. In contrast, English majors can doodle with a great doodle! Faces, figures, and landscapes are mixed together with an original as an added attraction.

The notebook of a girl can reveal much that is not evident in classrooms or even social activities. Within this can be found notes which can be interpreted in the light of our subject.

English major: "I met a fellow last night. He's wonderful!"

Math major: "That's nice. What's his name?"

English major: "Names! Names! What do they matter! I tell you he's wonderful."

Can these two people ever be reconciled. Could they ever be friends? If you note carefully, you will see that their characteristics complement each other. Together they form a perfect right triangle!

JEANNE DOYLE '52



## *"Unless the Lord . . ."*

*"It takes three to make love in heart—  
The Lover, the Beloved, and Love."*

With these words Bishop Sheen introduces a discussion of Christian Marriage. But what is Christian Marriage in concrete down-to-earth terms? It begins with a Christian engagement. Usually the boy presents the girl with a ring, then a tea or cocktail party is given, and the event may make the society column. Most Catholics are unaware that Canon Law provides for the solemn engagement of Catholic couples. The contract consists of a promise to marry which must be put in writing and attested to by proper witnesses. If

done solemnly, both persons signify their consent in the presence of a pastor or the local ordinary. In private it usually takes place in the home where a pastor or bishop need not be present. Here two responsible witnesses must confirm the agreement by their signatures. This contract means that each one, unless excused by a weighty cause, is bound in justice under penalty of grave sin to the promised marriage according to the terms of the contract. This obligation is more severe than the present informal engagement. Such a ceremony would certainly help young couples to realize the seriousness of their coming marriage. If they were unwilling to take upon themselves the responsibilities of the above contract, it would still be wise to solemnize their engagement in some way.

Perhaps objections should be raised to the above ceremony because of the belief that an engagement should be a very private affair. An alternate suggestion open to the Christian would be their promising themselves to each other before Our Lady's altar. A church is a very beautiful and fitting place in which to receive a ring. To kneel in the cool silence of the Sacramental Presence makes the engagement itself an occasion of much grace. It is only fitting that lovers go to the source of all Love to pray that theirs might in some measure mirror His. Afterwards there is ample opportunity to attend public ceremonies in which the families participate, or where the ring is blessed by a priest.

Like any other vocation, Christian Marriage demands preparation. Some couples make the feast of the Sacred Heart their own private lovers' feast day. And others celebrate the fact that

Christ's Heart is the source of all love by making First Fridays together. It is a tremendous thing to walk in the early dawn as one with your best beloved through Christ. And since Actual, as well as Sanctifying Grace, is derived the sacraments, engaged couples receive a special grace to live a holy betrothal by a frequent reception of the sacraments. This is important for "as the engagement is, so will be the marriage." An engaged girl can start a chaplet of prayers to give her husband on their wedding day. Great joy comes of preparing a secret gift for one's beloved. There are many ways of sanctifying the engagement, and it is up to the Christian to seek these secret ways.

The fitting name Cana Conference is given to the movement which offers engaged couples a positive approach to marriage. When Eve succumbed to the temptation of Satan, she refused God's love and degraded her own love. However, at Cana marriage recovered its original beauty. A Pre-Cana series consists of a full Sunday afternoon conference on the pivotal ideas of Creation and Cana. It is conducted by a priest. Three Wednesday evening sessions follow. They are conducted by a married couple, two doctors, and a priest, who speak respectively on "Family Living," "A Catholic Doctor Looks at Marriage," and "Development of the Church Law of Marriage." For such an important and lasting step preparation is vital; and the Cana Movement has done much to prepare couples for marriage.

The Christian is always practical, and it is up to the woman to decide whether her marriage is going to be a Christian one. It is the bride's responsibility to see that her wedding is most

perfect, emphasizing the proper things. It is right and fitting to have pictures to remember the happy day, but to mar the solemnity of the Mass for this purpose would be wrong. A young couple starting out are usually not too well-equipped financially. To spend money on a lavish display is unnecessary when it could be used to better advantage. Marriage customs are on the whole eclectic, borrowed from many places. If the bride-to-be thinks with the Church, she will seek liturgical means of expressing the Sacrament. She will, of course, be married at a Nuptial Mass. Available to the modern bride are liturgical wedding invitations. These often represent the mystical union between Christ and His Church and invite the guests to join with the couple in offering Mass and receiving Communion. Since these invitation are comparatively new, the couple has ample opportunity to exercise their own preference as to their artistic execution.

On the day of the wedding the Christian couple meet before the altar of God. The wedding itself takes place before Mass. The essence of the marriage is the exchange of consents after which the priest blesses the ring with these words:

Bless, O Lord, this ring, which we bless in Thy Name, that she who shall wear it, keeping faith unchanged with her husband, may abide in Thy peace and obedience to Thy will, and ever in mutual love. Amen.

Then the Church cries, "Our help is in the Name of the Lord," asking God's aid for the couple. While the priest vests for Mass, the bride might adopt a custom from the Greek Uniate

Church in placing her own bouquet at the feet of Our Lady.

In order to make their union in Christ more evident, the Christian couple may place their prie-dieux on opposite sides of the sanctuary for the Mass of the Catechumens and then at the Mass of the Faithful move them next to each other. It is also fitting that the bride and groom use their missals. If it is acceptable to their parish priest, they might say a dialogue Mass. During the Mass itself the music will reflect their prayer. Instead of "Because" (which is forbidden, incidentally), what could be more beautiful than the hymn "O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine, do keep us near to Thee, and make our love so like to Thine that we may holy be"?

After the Our Father the priest turns and blesses the woman. The following portion is the poetry of the prayer: "Graciously look upon this Thy handmaid, who, about to be joined in wedlock, seeks Thy defence and protection. May it be to her a yoke of love and peace: faithful and chaste may she be wed in Christ, and let her ever be the imitator of holy women: let her be dear to her husband like Rachel: wise, like Rebecca: long-lived and faithful like Sara."

After Mass the couple proceeds to the reception. Here again the bride's plans dominate. A reception does not have to follow customs dictated by paganism. The honeymoon starts couples on the way to sanctification and it is through one another that they will reach Love. Love needs to express itself. God willed that the total meeting of two beings should be pleasurable and joyous for them. At the moment of union a mystery of love and procreation is revealed to the hearts of man and woman. They are

procreators and this is love in all its fullness.

Marriage is a contract entered into freely. The Church does not bind, the priest does not bind. The person when he pronounces the words "I will" freely binds himself to his spouse in holy matrimony with all its rights and duties. A woman shares with her husband the privilege of becoming a parent. A husband intrusts to his wife the precious gift of the seed of life. On her integrity and tenderness and her understanding of her task of womanhood depends the reception of that gift. Her honor and generosity will determine whether her husband will become a father at all. How much his bride needs to be a mature woman on her wedding day.

"We cannot unite in the manner of the heathens," Tobias said to Sarah. The Instruction on the Wedding Sermon recommends that the priest exhort the spouses to practice continence occasionally. The Church feels a discipline of the passions is always necessary. Continence is advisable especially during pregnancy, sickness, and poverty. Such a discipline can be prepared for by prayer and the frequent reception of the Sacraments. Self sacrifice in little things will make this less difficult. Continence should be practiced from the beginning else it will seem an impossible task. Days of mortification and penance are found in the liturgical year which are times of denying the flesh. This penance makes the days of feasting more joyful.

On her wedding night the bride suddenly realizes with a great force that this is the person with whom she is to spend the rest of her life. This realization create a tremendous impact, and both must adjust to this new situation. With her husband she will share



his preoccupation, his hopes, his fears, his affections, and his emotions. Above all things she must be understanding and patient. She must be willing to share him with his job, his friends, and with the children. She should wish to extend his horizons, and rejoice to see his personality develop.

The woman must not become isolated. To society and the community she has a duty as well as to the family. However her first duty is to the home. She is no longer dependent on her father and mother but with her husband must build a new home. He is the head of the family but she is the heart. She must adjust to her role as educator and transmitter of the culture. She does not teach her children some isolated facts, but about them-

selves, the world and God, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

To uplift and to consecrate herself, her husband, and her family to God—this is woman's task. Woman accomplishes this through her great capacity for love. Love redeemed the world and this is how woman will bring the world back to God. The love of man and woman must resemble the love of Christ for His Church. No matter how rough the way always they will go hand in hand together. When the breaking point seems to be reached and the road bathed with tears, they will remember with John of the Cross "There where there is no love, put love, and you will find love."

VIRGINIA BRADLEY '55

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## Summer

*Languid days of summer,  
Like ether;  
Slowly stealing, seeping through webbed veils  
Of August's heat.  
Dead, murky days,  
Cloaking drugs of dust and steam  
Over the beauty of God.  
Then a dull, unearthly hush —  
A darkened sky,  
A thunder clap;  
And the cool rain calms the smoking streets,  
A scent of bathing roses fills the air.*

MARION ORLANDO '53



# MIST

Cold, moist air swirled around the apartment house towards the empty lot across the street. "Such a dismal night!", thought Ann as she looked through the foggy dampness for the bus. "At least the bus will be a comfortable relief after this penetrating cold—if it will ever come. I'm glad I didn't bother with Kay's foolish idea and stay at school. She always has some new cause, like this afternoon. . . ."

Ann's thoughts flashed back to that scene after the lecture at college. Kay, with her perpetual vibrant enthusiasm, had been pestering her to go where? Oh, some orphanage or something — like all the rest — first it was crippled children way up in the Bronx and then blind ladies in some terrible section. Why can't Kay at least keep her causes near home — in fact, why can't she mind her own business and leave things as they are? How did that quarrel begin anyhow? . . . Kay's enthusiastic voice came back to Ann from the hall outside the auditorium.

"That was some lecture! Aren't you glad you stayed, Ann? It makes you think. You know we are lucky, attending college like that man said. I guess we do give so little of all we have. Don't you agree, Ann?"

"Well, yes," murmured Ann hesitantly, "I realize he was speaking the truth, but — but, well, according to his ideas we have to spend our afternoons on the East Side."

"You don't have to be that demonstrative, Ann, and maybe it would be good for us to see — well, to be trite

— 'how the other half lives'," retorted Kay.

"Mmm — if you had the time it would be all right, but you know the homework that they give us here. I've even stopped going to Dramatics this term. Why, attending this lecture this evening means that I'll have to skim half of Monday's homework, and I have a test, too!"

"Still worrying about losing those indelible A's you received last term, Ann?", remarked Mary as she strolled past. "You're getting to be a terrible study bug; we never see you lately."

"No," answered Ann, "I just have a heavy program and can't see — well, I don't have time to stay around school for every silly activity."

"At least you're coming to the dance tonight, Ann," broke in Kay. "You haven't forgotten the one to introduce the freshmen to the Newman Club over at the public college."

"Well, I don't think I can make it, Kay; I didn't mention to mother and . . ."

"Oh! that's nothing," said Kay. "Phone her, and don't forget to mention that we'll be late. It's quite a distance. I hope that dance is a success; the club has been working so hard and does need members."

"No, Kay, I really hadn't intended to go; I stayed for the talk and. . . ."

"Hi! Say, that was some talk," interrupted Irene, joining the group. "You are all coming to the orphanage tomorrow? After that speech, why you

have to go! What was that he said? — 'Give me your homeless, your temp-est tossed. . . .' That certainly is a fitting entrance to America, for, as that man said, we are fortunate. After that, I guess no one can stay home tomorrow."

"Another one," thought Ann, "It will probably be miserable weather for such a trip and. . . . What answer can I give her now?"

"You're coming then," Irene concluded. "Maybe we can go to a movie afterwards."

"Well — I don't think I'll be able to go along," mumbled Ann. "I was intending to finish my oral report; it's due in two weeks and. . . ."

"Ann, for Heaven's sake, two weeks — what's the matter with you anyway? Why don't you crawl out of your warm shell once in a while?" flashed Kay quickly.

Ann recalled that angry flush she had felt and those heated words which had forced themselves out. "Why don't you enter the convent if you're going to be always thinking of your — *your brethren!*" exclaimed Ann as she abruptly left.

"Well, another quarrel. As usual, Kay will forget it, and at least I won't have to go with them tomorrow," thought Ann as she vainly looked for the bus.

The cold mist had continued to blow around the corner — becoming heavier — more penetrating — in fact, it could hardly be kept out. Trying to keep the cold air out, Ann tightened her scarf. The lecturer's words vibrated in her memory — "Give me your homeless. . . ." "Yes, America is the land of opportunity; we give people a true beginning and. . . ." Ann was satis-

fied that she had remained to hear that talk, for she was pleased to be *informed* on such matters.

The mist was becoming so heavy that some was remaining to congeal on the metal top of the newsstand while the wind carried the rest on. Through the dim fog Ann made out the figure of an old woman who seemed distinct, yet blended with the cloudy atmosphere. As the woman approached heavily, Ann discerned a tattered cloak and thin kerchief covered with moisture. The woman's gloveless hands clung to an old leather briefcase, and her dim eyes looked towards Ann. Since the woman appeared to be mumbling something, Ann approached her to offer directions. Several times Ann repeated her inquiries — and all the while she examined the woman's heavy appearance which reminded her, in disgust, of a pile of gray snow, the kind which remains on the city streets until spring.

The old lady began to fumble with the narrow strap around her briefcase and continued her inarticulate expressions which Ann finally perceived to be, "Handkerchiefs — very cheap — very nice — for sale." As Ann shook her head in an emphatic NO, drops of dampness fell from her kerchief.

The old woman lumbered slowly into the foggy distance past the lots. While staring after the figure, Ann heard a voice. It was from the nicely dressed woman waiting near her. "What did she want to sell at this hour of the night? — Handkerchiefs? — How unusual! She must need the money. I wonder how far she has to walk."

"Yes, how far?", mused Ann as she reached for her bus ticket, keeping her eyes on the dim figure blending into the misty distance. As Ann mounted

the bus steps, the woman's figure remained in her mind. Suddenly, she heard a piercing screech and then — silence!! Immediately, the woman's figure flashed into her mind — a figure easily crushed by a speeding car. The iridescent red of the advertisements and the picture of the warm seats intermingled with thoughts of her opportunity to prevent this accident if — if she only had detained the woman to purchase a cheap handkerchief. Ann paused an awful moment waiting for the commotion an accident brings, but no sound. As she sank into

the warm seat, Ann's eyes reluctantly wandered to the open window. With a sigh of relief, she saw the figure continuing on through the fog.

"Imagination," laughed Ann as she pulled at the open bus window and vainly tried to close it. Unable to keep out the cold, misty air, Ann sat down and breathed in the odor of the fog which was forcing its way unhindered into the bus. Somehow, the heavy odor seemed vaguely like that of spring trees as the cold mist swirled penetratingly into the warm bus.

PATRICIA GERLACH '55

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## *Cry of Youth*

*They leave to us*

*A world of discord:*

*Nations, in perpetual fugue,*

*Each seeking to conduct*

*Earth's materialistic symphony.*

*A new motif*

*Is in our souls —*

*Souls sensitive to harmony.*

*Baton outstretched, we hesitate.*

*We fear — God, give us strength!*

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

# THE ORDERED SOLE

Now, as I try to recall the whole episode, I realize for the first time that we didn't even know his name. He was known to the neighborhood only as "the shoemaker." Yet, this "tag" was as good as any name, for he was the only one of his profession in the surrounding community. Consequently, everyone knew who "the shoemaker" was.

A description of his shop seems to be the most accurate way of describing the proprietor. His store was situated on a quiet, residential side street about a quarter of a block from a bustling Brooklyn avenue. I believe that the majority of the people who daily ran by that corner on their way to the subway never knew there was a shoemaker's shop on that block.

Actually, it's erroneous to refer to the shop as his because he shared it with an old tailor. They both used the same entrance and, as a child, I often watched the fascinating movements of the tailor's steam iron as I waited for my shoes to be fixed.

The shoemaker and the tailor were on exceedingly good terms. Since they were of necessity so closely connected, each performed certain services for the other. When the tailor was out to lunch, the shoemaker took care of his neighbor's customers. In return, the tailor marked shoes for the absent shoemaker.

Because of the division of the store, each half was so crowded with large machinery for polishing leather and

shelves for storing shoes that there was scarcely enough room for two customers. If there should happen to be more than two, they had to wait in the tailor's; but that didn't happen very often for both businesses were small and didn't attract many people. In the back of the shoe shop was a large chair raised upon a pedestal. It was similar to the kind seen in railroad stations upon which bootblacks deposit their patrons for a fast shine. This particular chair, however, had obviously not been used in a long time, for its dusty leather seat was piled high with shoes to be mended.

Toward the front of the shop was a tiny counter just long enough to hold a few pairs of shoes. Behind this, on a shelf against the wall, was an old dusty cash-register. This machine was similar to a child's toy because the battered keys only went up to one dollar. Next to the register on the shelf was an old pot filled with glue and a small sewing machine. There always seemed to be the same amount of glue in that pot just as there was always the same amount of money rung on the cash-register.

The shoemaker himself was not very unusual. He was rather thin with very little hair and his back was slightly bent. His age was a mystery to me because, like races of the East, he was ageless. For as long as I had known him, he never changed one bit or apparently grew any older. I couldn't even take a reasonable guess at his years.

Whenever I would go into the shop, he would be sitting behind the little counter, and either facing the glue pot or hunched over the sewing machine. I wonder now if he ever used his polishing machinery at all, for he always had heaps of shoes piled all over it. Perhaps, he bought it when he first went into business and then decided it was too noisy for him.

After I had entered his shop, I'd put my shoes on the counter and wait for him to turn around. He'd usually take his time but finally he'd get up, smile at me and stare down at my shoes. Then he'd look up and wait for my directions: "Buffer soles and heels, please." He'd take a piece of chalk and scratch large X's on the worn out portions.

Everything about the shoemaker was simple and uncluttered, except his shop and I suppose even that wasn't cluttered to him. He never handed out tickets for identification like some of his peers did and still do. To him, a face meant one thing and that was an address. I was "526 Seventh," so he'd scrawl that on the soles of the shoes along with the X's. I never knew what happened when he put the new soles on. But when I'd go back for the repaired shoes, he'd always instinctively reach for the right pair.

No one knew anything about the personal life of the shoemaker — whether he was rich or poor; whether he was married, widowed or a bachelor. The only information available was based upon his few noticeable habits and had no foundation in actual fact. The majority were of the opinion that he was a poor, family man.

He was poor because he so often fixed a torn shoe or a loose heel without charge. When offered money for such menial services he'd wave his arm towards the well-meaning donor and then turn back to his never finished works.

He was judged a family man because of his insistence on closing the shop every evening at seven o'clock sharp. If a customer needed his repaired shoes for a specific day, the shoemaker would always warn him to pick them up before closing time. However, he really wasn't as formidable as he sounds in this one demand. Twice, on Saturday night, I forgot to come until a little after seven. Each time, he was waiting outside the locked door, with my shoes in his hand. These were the only occasions on which I ever saw him dressed up, that is to say, wearing a suit and a tie. During the day, he always wore the same loose-fitting dark shirt. After scolding me for being late and giving me the neatly repaired shoes, he hopped into his old model-T and drove off to an unknown destiny in an unfamiliar world.

Just about a month ago on a Saturday morning, I went again to the shoemaker's. But this time a wooden bar was standing across his little counter and there was no sign of the proprietor. The tailor explained that his friend, mysterious to the end, had died two days before. Today, I passed that corner again and there was a bright, neat candy store where the old cluttered shoemaker's shop once stood. In less than four weeks, all vestiges of his long and useful reign had, like the shoemaker, disappeared forever.

MARY E. SHEA '55



# ON YOUR TOES!

America was invaded by Russia! Strange as it may seem, the United States, in the early decades of the twentieth century, welcomed with open arms a Russian invasion. But this was an invasion of the Russian ballet. During this period, all ballet was compared and measured by the standards set by the Russians —and names like Anna Pavlova and Vaslav Nijinsky held as much glamour as any of today's most famous stars. Yet these and the many other Russians who came to our shores aided in the development of the American ballet; for they prepared an audience, aroused American interest and many became the teachers of a new generation of American dancers.

Today, Pavlova, a legendary figure, is agreed to be one of the greatest dancers of the century and *The Dying Swan*, the ballet with which she is always identified is perhaps the most famous dance of our times. With her own company she toured the United States, and from the years 1913 to 1925 hers was the only ballet organization which large portions of the population could enjoy. Another of the legendary Russian figures is Nijinsky, whose phenomenal abilities made him the star of the Russian ballet for many years. In the United States, as in Europe, his success was overwhelming; for everyone wanted to see the greatest classical dancer. Today, many of the ballets in which he danced suffer in comparison when performed; and others, such as *Til Eulenspiegel*,

which he created, can't be duplicated, for no one since Nijinsky has had the ability to perform the parts. In writing her husband's biography, Romola Nijinsky tells how after some performances, people would want to see the dancer's shoes to make sure they didn't have rubber soles. Others would examine the stage to assure themselves that there were no concealed springs or other devices to aid the dancer in making his leaps. These people found it impossible to believe that anyone could perform as Nijinsky had, without the use of mechanical aids.

It may seem unusual that one country should be able to dominate the field of dancing as Russia did during this period. But Russia had its Imperial School of Dancing. The history of this school goes back to the eighteenth century; under Catherine the Great it was reorganized and continued to be supported by the Czars. For eight years this school based on military principles and ruled with iron discipline trained young pupils. Only a few, the most talented children, were admitted and at that point their parents had to relinquish all control over them since the student became an adopted child of the Czar. The school became the student's home and it was here that the future artist learned the techniques and styles which became world famous. On special occasions the children were taken to dance before the Czar and those who performed especially well were given some token of esteem. Both Pavlova and Nijinsky and

practically all of the famous Russian dancers were trained at the Imperial school.

Americans, however, are not the type which will let the other fellow do everything and they too had "to get into the act." Gradually they infiltrated the ranks of the companies which had been predominately Russian; and with this infiltration, there was also a gradual development of an American style and spirit in ballet. Unlike Russia, no group in the United States has ever enjoyed the support of the State; rather it has been left entirely to the initiative of various individuals to develop American schools and companies. During the 1930's and 40's various groups were organized, some of which failed, others seem to have succeeded admirably. Yet, the American groups were not too proud and were also wise enough to use various foreign artists whenever possible. George Balanchine is an example of a foreign artist who has helped make American ballet what it is today. A graduate of the Imperial School, he created many ballets for Russian companies before coming to the United States in 1933 to found, with Lincoln Kirstein, The School of American Ballet in New York. Balanchine's work clearly shows his understanding of the people of this country, for his dances, while not necessarily using American subject matter, have been geared to the abilities of our dancers and the tastes of an American audience.

Other important events of the 1930's and 40's were the first performance of the ballet *Billy the Kid*, which has survived to this day as an American

classic, and the presentation of Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*. Both of these use native American themes; the first, the oft-told story of a western badman; the latter being a type of western Cinderella in which a tomboy cowgirl finally dresses up to win her man. These are typical examples of the American style in dancing, not because of their subject matter, but rather because of the treatment and spirit of the ballet. The characters created by American artists are not detached sophisticates of Europe but rather individuals who reflect the ideas and experiences of our people.

Jerome Robbins's *Fancy Free* is another example of a typical American ballet. Everyone who has seen the motion picture *On The Town* will remember the story of three sailors on leave which was developed from Robbins's ballet. The stage too has profited from the work of American choreographers as can be seen in the ballets created by Agnes de Mille for the hit musicals *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*.

While ballet in the United States seems to be making great strides and advancing in popularity, it is interesting to note how the ballet is progressing in Russia, the land which gave it birth. Even though the dancers are generally well paid, housed and taken care of by the Soviet government, according to most recent reports, Russian dancing is deteriorating. The technical perfection may still be the highest in the world, but the ballets themselves are being used as instruments of propaganda by the Soviet government. It would seem then, that the ballet, like everything else, needs freedom in which to flourish!

JANIS ELTZ '53

# The Morning After

One minute to eight, I hope I make that eight o'clock train. By the time I get down these stairs, the doors of the train will probably close in my face. Wouldn't you know it? Why does this happen to me every Monday morning? What a way to start off the week! Oh well, the five after eight train will get me to school with five minutes to spare before the first bell.

Good, there's a gum machine. Why, just look at me. What a sight! Bags under my eyes. I better get in a little earlier on Sunday night. That's funny. I make the same resolution every Monday morning, but it's broken every Sunday night. Well, you're young just once!

The train's in. I had better stand near a door so I can get a corner seat. I have piles of homework to do. Hurry up, mister, and open the door. Wouldn't you think he'd realize that these books are heavy? It certainly took him long enough to press down those two buttons! A corner seat, I'll just settle myself here and do some English. This book is supposed to be finished today. Let's see, I have two hundred and eight-three more pages to read. Oh well.

The train is getting crowded. Quite a few of the seats are taken already. Why, it's six after eight, this train should have left sixty seconds ago. He's closing the doors now. I guess we'll make up the extra minute in the ride to the plaza. Oh dear, I had better get back to my book. Let's see, where was I? Here's my place. . . .

Glory be, what hit me? Wouldn't you know it? Just look at that overgrown man sitting next to me. I guess he's one of those people who pays twenty cents and occupies two seats. Just a minute, mister, let me get my arm up. Oh dear, I won't be able to write today. My arm feels as if it were broken. One, two, three, four . . . Oh no, he's not one of those persons who doesn't know how to read a newspaper on the subway? Mister, I'm finished with Government. I don't have to read the *Times* today. Oh, what's the use, let's see what the latest styles are.

Good, he's getting off and changing to the express. Now, I can get back to my book. Let's see, where was I? . . . What's going on? Just look at that man who is now sitting next to me, will you? He ran ahead of that lady and took the seat from her. Oh, what a spineless creature he is! If there's anything that annoys me more than a man rushing to take a seat from a lady, I don't know what it is. Oh, the age of chivalry sure is dead. Why, just look around this car. Directly across from me four men are seated, calmly reading their newspapers and there are three ladies standing. Straight ahead, three men are seated and three women are standing. That's enough to make your blood boil. Someone should write a book about the lack of etiquette in men.

Oh well, this isn't getting my English done. Let's see, where was I? . . . Mister, did you ever go to school? Did you ever read a book on the subway? And didn't it annoy you whenever people read over your shoulder? Well, it does annoy me! You would just love to poke some people.

Here's Chickie's station. Let's see if she is getting this train. It doesn't look that way. I don't see her standing by the post. I guess she made the earlier train. She's always on time anyway, never late like Mickey or me. Just look at those two getting on the train. I bet they haven't been married more than three months. Look at the way they're holding hands, oh so tight. And see, how they look straight into one another's eyes. This is just too much! Where's my place? Let's see.

The Plaza so soon! O dear. I'll never get this book finished. I've read only eight pages since I've been on this train. It's just twenty-five after eight. I'll get to school on time. I wonder if anybody I know is betting on the train? Why there's Helen.

"Helen, let me take your books. I'll hold them for you. . . . Here's your loose-leaf. . . . Do you mean somebody's giving an hour quiz on Monday? . . . Things are getting tough all over."

Now, to get back to this English book. Let's see where I was. . . . Sniff, sniff. What's that I smell? Limberger cheese? Oh dear, that man sitting across from me with the lunch bag in

his hand, he's the culprit. I hope he gets off soon. Gee, I'm in luck! This is his station. Goodbye mister, my nose won't let me forget you!

Just look at that doll sitting down. Those eyebrows of hers must be put up every night. And that makeup! It looks like plaster of paris. It's on so heavy. And what smell number five is she wearing? If people only saw themselves as others do!

Oh, it couldn't be Mickey's station. I have two hundred and seventy more pages of this book to read. What am I going to do? It won't hurt to look and see if she's getting on. . . . No, I guess not. She'll probably take the next train. Now, I really have to get down to business and read this book. Let's see what parts can I skip?

Oh, my eyes are growing tired. I can hardly make out what I am attempting to read. I might as well close the book. I wouldn't be able to read much in ten minutes anyway. So, I think I'll just catch up on my sleep. Ah-h-h. . . .

"Helen, what's the matter? Why are you poking me? Oh, I guess I fell asleep. Here are your books. Now, to get out of this train. I think the best thing to do will be to push with all your might when I count three. Ready? 'I never thought we would get out of that train before the doors closed. Helen, have you read this book? Good, could you tell me about it while we walk down the block.'"

ROSEMARY MARRON '53



# That's Our Pat

The bus pulled over to the curb. The rear door opened and Pat Nelson was the first one to step down. Quickly, she walked up the hill and headed toward the student activities building of Elmwood College. Pat was out of breath by the time she had reached the third floor. She could hear the sound of voices as she neared the room marked, "For the Use of the Junior Class Only." The tall, slim girl stopped outside the door for a moment to make herself presentable. She took a comb from her pocket and ran it through her short blonde hair, just enough to make it fluffy. Pat reached into her purse for her mirror. She had enough lipstick on. Mirror replaced in her bag, a quick glance to make sure her seams were straight and Pat was ready to make her entrance.

The girls on the committee had been waiting for Pat for almost half an hour. Now that madam chairman had arrived the meeting could start.

"Sorry I'm late, but I was detained by a telephone call from Tom." A big grin spread across her face as she said this.

"And how is dear Thomas?", asked Ellen. "Can he get the weekend pass?"

"Silly girl, of course he can. Why Tom would even go AWOL to take me to the Prom if the big brass didn't give him a pass. But when Tom asked the Captain for the pass, he just couldn't refuse to give it to him. Tom has a way with him which is irresistible and I do mean irresistible."

"Yes, we know, Pat," said Jean coldly. "But let's get down to business. We've been waiting here for you for more than half an hour and we have an awful lot of work to do if we expect to have the decorations ready by Friday afternoon."

"Oh, yes," said Pat, still excited about Tom's call. "Anne, did you get the favors? Patsy, how many bids did we sell? Grace, did you get the colored paper? . . ."

The girls spent a busy afternoon making the decorations, checking lists and trying to keep within the budget. By the time they were ready to leave, the decorations were almost finished and a few of the girls promised to come in Friday afternoon after classes to finish them and set them up. Everything was perfect. The girls expected to make two hundred dollars on the Prom and Pat would be the first chairman in the College's history ever to accomplish such a feat.

Later, while helping her Mother with the dishes, Pat went over the details of the Prom. Her Mother had heard about them so often that now she was beginning to get a headache everytime the subject came up. But like any Mother she listened patiently as her daughter talked on and on.

Suddenly, the telephone rang, Pat rushed to answer it and Mrs. Nelson said a silent prayer. She could hear Pat talking in the living room.

"Hello, hi Tom. How are you? You must have money burning in your



pocket to call me twice in one day. Tom, I must tell you about the decorations. There're simply out of this world. And who do you think designed them? Why Tom, what's the matter? . . . OK. I'll listen to what you have to say if it's so important, but I don't think anything can be more important than the Prom. . . . Yes, Tom, I'm listening."

How nice it is that she has such a nice boy to take her to the Prom," Mrs. Nelson was saying to herself. "I remember when I went to my first formal. It was with Donald and . . ."

Mrs. Nelson was brought back to the present by a scream which seemed to come from the living room. She dropped the dishes on the table and ran in to see what the matter was. Pat was beside herself. She kept on repeating: "Tom, Tom, you can't do that to me. You just can't."

Pat glanced up and saw her Mother standing beside her. She put the receiver down and burst into uncontrollable sobs. Mrs. Nelson took Pat in her arms and tried to calm her very emotional daughter.

"Pat, take it easy. Nothing can be as bad as all that. Tell me, what did Tom say?"

"Mother, Mother," she tried to say. But the words just couldn't come out. Pat was sobbing harder now than before. And Mrs. Nelson waited until Pat calmed down a little before she repeated her question.

"Pat, what did Tom say?"

"Mother," she sobbed. "I can't go to the Prom."

"What do you mean you can't go?"

"I can't go because Tom can't go. He said he received his orders and has to leave Saturday morning. Some spe-

cial orders arrived and they have to leave. Oh, Mother, what am I going to do? I just have to go to the Prom. And that beautiful dress, I just have to wear it. Everyone's counting on me to come. Oh, Mother, what am I going to do?" The tears were rolling down her cheeks as she said this.

"Pat, what do you mean Tom got his orders? Orders? What kind of orders?"

"Why his overseas orders, of course."

"Pat Nelson, you should be ashamed of yourself, standing there feeling sorry for yourself because you can't go to a silly old dance. You should be shedding those tears for Tom. He's the one I feel sorry for. Just think of a young boy like that going off to fight a war for you and you hung up on him because he couldn't take you to a dance."

Mrs. Nelson was red with anger at this point, mostly because she realized what a selfish person her daughter had grown up to be. Pat was their only child and naturally she got everything she wanted including her own way all the time. She was spoiled, oh so spoiled. Mrs. Nelson returned to the kitchen without saying another word.

That night Pat got very little sleep. She tossed and turned in her bed. She wasn't thinking about Tom and the fact that she might not see him again. Oh, no, not our Pat. She was worrying about what the girls at College would think. After all she did brag that Tom would go AWOL for her if need be, and now she must live up to her statement. But no, what was the use in even thinking about it. She knew Tom better than that. He would not even hear of such a thing. She had better think of something else. But

what? No matter, Pat was determined that she was going to wear the evening dress that she had bought in New York for the occasion.

When Pat got up the next morning all she thought of was what could she tell the girls. What would they say. They would probably laugh and ridicule her.

"Why Tom would go AWOL to take her to the Prom. Ha! Ha!"

Pat dreaded going to class but it was too near the end of the term and besides she didn't have any cuts left. The bus was as crowded as usual when she got on, but it wasn't crowded enough to suit Pat. When she tried to push her way toward the rear of the bus, someone grabbed her arm.

"Hello, Pat. Gee, you're late today aren't you. I never met you on this bus before."

"Oh, hi Peggy. Yes, I guess I'm a little late. I usually make the earlier bus. We'll make it on time, won't we?"

"Oh, sure. I guess you're excited about the Prom, Pat? I would be if I were going with such a good-looking fellow as Tom."

Pat hesitated a moment before answering. She was caught unprepared and she knew it. "I guess you might as well be the first to know, Peggy. I'm not going to the dance."

"Not going Pat, why not?"

"For the simple reason that Tom got his orders and has to go overseas."

"Oh, Pat, I'm so sorry. . . . Pat, you can go with Bob Harris, then."

"Bob Harris. Who's he?"

"Oh, you were late for the meeting the other day weren't you? Then, I better explain. As I was telling the

girls, my uncle called me the other day and said that they had a soldier at the hospital who was wounded in Korea. He's recuperating from injuries and it seems that he has no family or friends nearby. So, Uncle John asked me if I would take him to some school dance. Well, as I told him, our Prom is the last dance of the year and I'm going with Jimmie, but that if any of the girls were stuck for a date I was sure that she would be glad to go with him. None of the girls needed a date so he's all yours if you want him. Well Pat, what do you say?"

"That will be fine, Peggy. Thanks loads. I hope he's good looking and can cut a rug."

It was the Tuesday after the Prom and Pat and her college friends were sitting around after a tough day, discussing of all subjects — The Prom.

"Gee, everybody looked so nice. . . . The band was tops. . . . The decorations were superb. . . . And we made two hundred and twenty-three dollars. . . ."

On and on the girls talked about the big night. Suddenly, Ellen burst out, "Pat, did you have a good time? I looked at you once in a while, while you were dancing and you seemed to be enjoying yourself."

"Why, of course, I enjoyed myself. Everyone thought my dress was just out of this world. And Bob was good-looking, too. Why shouldn't I have enjoyed myself?"

"Oh, Pat, you're so materialistic. Doesn't anything else matter to you except good-looks and fashionable clothes? Don't you care whether the soldier had a good time or not?"

"Well, what did he expect anyway? It was just a blind date. I hope he

didn't expect me to make a fuss over him?"

"Oh, I bet you didn't say a pleasant thing to him all night."

"I did, too, Peg. I even had to show him a few dance steps. He was so awkward dancing. I guess that's what made me a little annoyed. We had to sit out all the fast ones."

"Oh, Pat, don't exaggerate. I saw you both dancing and I thought you made a nice couple."

"Besides," broke in Jean, "you should have been thrilled to take someone to the Prom who was wounded in the war."

"You know" Pat was saying, "there was something odd about Bob. He wouldn't talk about his injury, all he said was that he hoped his dancing would improve someday. I told him that with more practice he would be the best dancer I have ever known. He has a fine sense of rhythm. You know, the way he thanked me for saying that, made me feel as though it meant a great deal to him."

"You mean," exclaimed Ellen, "that you, Pat Nelson, made someone else happy. Oh, what a revolution!"

"I don't think you're smart at all, Ellen. What kind of a person do you think I am anyway? Don't you think I have any feelings? Don't you think I try to act nicely to people. I really do."

Pat grabbed her bag and ran out of the room. She was upset by the things the girls had said and she didn't want to cry in front of them.

"You know, Peg began, "I believe our Pat has changed a little for the better. That soldier must have made a big impression upon her."

"I met that soldier and there was something different about him. I don't know just what it was, but maybe Pat realized this, too."

Pat arrived home shortly afterwards. She found her mother in the midst of preparing dinner. "May I do anything to help you, Mother?"

"Pat, don't you feel well?"

"Of course I feel well. Why, what makes you ask that?"

"Well, I never remember you asking me that question before. I just thought you might be sick. But, you're not. . . . Pat, that soldier had a big effect upon you didn't he?"

"He seemed to have given up so much and me, I never gave up anything. I always took as much as I got and always wanted more. I don't know Mother, it's hard to explain. I never felt this way before. Nobody ever made me feel this way before. And yet he didn't do or say very much."

"Pat did he talk much about his injury?"

"No, that's just it. He didn't say a word about it. In fact, everytime I approached the subject, he always changed it."

"Yes, I guess it's hard to tell a person that the legs you're using are made of wood."

"Oh, Mother, no. He's so young."

"You see Pat, there are lots of unselfish people in the world."

"Who told you?"

"Peggy."

"I'm going up to my room, Mother. I'm going to write a letter . . . to Tom."

ROSEMARY MARRON '53

## POOR OLD MAIDS (?)

Figures may not lie, but then again, they may. At any rate, they often evade the issue. Illustrative of this fact, is the new but already popular book, *They Went to College*, recently reviewed by *Time* magazine (April 7).

No bouquets are being thrown to the "Old Grads" in this document — unless they be some quite unbedewed clusters of statistics. Did someone once say that statistics are dull? This is not necessarily so, it seems, for people find it strangely fascinating to know what percentage of college men prefer bacon with their eggs, as compared with the modest number of non-grads who do the same.

Of unusual interest, was the section devoted to women. Parents, if you want to shoo your daughter from the gates of the university, let her read this report! In the first place, the article reveals it's 2 to 1 that she will someday be a school teacher. That would be horrifying enough, but when she see *Time's* comment that "the colleges seem to be educating our women for 'spinsterhood'," she will really flee from the college door.

The figures are impressive. Of the women who go to college, 31% remain unmarried, whereas it is only 13% of the *overall* female population of the country who do not become wives. What does this indicate? Or, rather, what does it *seem* to indicate? It would appear from this review that there are 18% more unhappy women *with* college educations than without them. But this, the intelligent reader will discern, is not necessarily true.

First of all — and contrary to public opinion — marriage does not insure happiness. True, most married people are happy. Most happy people are married. Marriage is a natural, normal, and beautiful institution. But some married people are *miserable* — there's no denying it. And it would not be too surprising to learn (if it were possible) that that percentage was somewhere near 18%.

Within this 31% of unmarried alumnae, there are two classifications. First the fussy, or unattractive, or unpleasant 13%, who probably would not have married in any case, and second, the attractive, pleasant, but sensible remainder. What? No — this editor did *not* say that it is sensible to remain unmarried. But for this 18%, it very likely is.

This is the point. It is better to be equipped to *choose* spinsterhood, than to be married because there is nothing else to do. It is better to be a wise and useful "old maid," than to be a conventional but inadequate or unhappy wife.

Of course, it works the other way too. It is better to *choose* marriage than to "fall into it" because it is the normal thing to do.

College prepares women (and men too) to choose a vocation according to their aptitudes and according to the amount of good they can do. If marriage is for her, the alumna will know it, and be a better wife for the knowledge. If the single life is the choice of the woman graduate, it will be with good reason, and she too will live a fuller and happier life.

So do not stand by the college campus with a doubtful look in your eye, high schooler! For if you should be a "bachelorette," it will be because you want to, and not because you stand behind the 31% parallel.

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